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Northern Messenger

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A Slight Increase.

The 'Northern Messenger' readers will readily understand how it comes that the rate on this paper has had to be increased from thirty cents to forty cents per annum. It has been well known that the rate of the 'Northern Messenger' was lower than that of any other weekly paper of this class published in the world, and at forty cents a year it still is, so far as we know, the lowest price charged by any publisher for such a paper. Our subscribers have noted with pleasure that during the year we have very frequently given them a sixteen-page paper instead of a twelve-page paper. They have also noted with even greater satisfaction the marked improvement in the quality of the paper used, and the consequent improvement in the printing of letter press and illustrations. These improvements have not been brought about without a very large outlay, and this large outlay, added to the extra cost in these days of labor and production, not only warrants a slight increase in price, but necessitates it. This increase of price, however, applies only in the case of individual subscriptions, the club rates standing practically as before, in some cases being even a little more advantageous to the agent or club raiser, and those subscribers who get up clubs for mutual reduction of rates. In clubs of three or more, at forty cents each, we allow 50 percent—that is, half the subscription rate—on bona-fide new subscriptions; and 33 1-3 percent—or one-third—off renewals. This gives the agent or club raiser a very good return for any effort he may make, and many of our young readers will find it to their advantage to go among their acquaintances and secure subscriptions for the 'Messenger.' We hope that many more of our individual subscribers will take advantage of the club rates by securing subscriptions of friends to send with their own.

PRIZES AND PROFITS.

The special announcements made in this issue will interest our older readers as well as the younger ones, and we hope that two or three in each district will enter for the competition for the prizes, which are very desirable ones, while even in the event of missing the prize, the commissions will prove in themselves very good additions to anyone's income—would, indeed, represent a very good salary to anyone devoting his whole time to securing subscriptions.

Those who make an early start will undoubtedly have the best chance of the prizes.

The Good Merchant of Lyons,

I want to tell you about the origin of what may almost be called the first Bible Society. At any rate you shall hear how the Scriptures were first translated from the ancient tongues into a language of ordinary every-day life, and how copies of these Bibles were distributed among the people, so that they might read and know the Word of God.

You probably know a picture which shows Queen Victoria as a young sovereign presenting a copy of the Bible to an African chief, in answer to the question which he is supposed to have asked, 'What is the secret of England's greatness?' Although it is not a fact that a chief did actually come to England himself and ask the Queen personally that question, yet a chief once wrote it in a letter to Her late Majesty and the Queen did send him a Bible as an answer, so that the picture represents a real truth.

Now, at the recent Centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, I expect you heard that to-day, at least some part of the Scriptures is to be found in no fewer than 350 languages, but seven hundred years ago there was no nation in Europe that had the Bible in its own tongue. Printing had not yet been invented and the few copies of the Scriptures that existed were in Latin, a language that the common people could not understand. Even if they could have read that language it would have been useless, for the Bibles were in libraries to which ordinary people were not admitted. This was a sad state of affairs and it was made worse by many of the priests through whom the people obtained all they knew of religious truth, teaching false and superstitious doctrines very different from the real Gospel as found in the Word of God.

AFTER SHOWING THEM TRINKETS AND INTRODUCING THE SUBJECT OF THE GOSPEL THEY WOULD PRODUCE THEIR NEW TESTAMENT.

Well, in the twelfth century, there lived at Lyons, in France, a wealthy merchant named Peter. He was an upright man, fair and kind, had many friends and attended to his religious observances pretty regularly. But one evening while he was talking with a friend, this friend fell suddenly to the ground and on being taken up was found to be dead. The sad and solemn event made a great impression on Peter, who began to wonder if he was fit to die, should he be called away suddenly like his friend. He obtained real comfort from the writings of some of the early Fathers—those earnest Christian men who lived soon after the Apostles.

In their books they quoted many passages from the Scriptures, and it was these texts that helped Peter out of his difficulty and perplexity. He made up his mind that he would secure a Bible, and being rich, he was at last able to buy a copy. His learning enabled him to read the Latin language. The more he read the more peace and comfort did he experience, and his one desire was that others of his countrymen might know the truths which he had learnt. He visited the people in the homes and told them of the Lord Jesus Christ dying for sinners and often held little meetings in the woods where he read from his Bible to the people, translating as he went along.

But from the moment that Peter realized what a grand book the Bible was, his great wish was that it should be translated into the language which the people spoke, and so as soon as he could he made arrangements for this to be done. Some think he translated the Bible himself, while others believe he paid learned men to do it for him. But that does not matter very much. By expending a great deal of time and money, Peter at last had the Bible in his own native tongue.

One copy, however, was not of very much use, and as I have told you, printing was unknown at that time. But Peter was not a man to let difficulties overcome him. He collected a number of men who could write well and set them to work making copies of the

New Testament. Meanwhile, he went on with his quiet preaching and teaching, and a considerable number of the people of Lyons were converted to God. Not only did he now read the Bible to the people of Lyons, but he determined that people in other parts of France and in other countries should hear the Word of God. As soon as the copies of the New Testament were ready, he gathered the men who had begun to love and serve God and sent them as Christ did his Apostles, two and two, over the country to teach the Gospel quietly to the people.

They could not go as preachers, but they travelled as pedlars, with boxes of jewels, trinkets and other articles, and in this way they gained access to the castles of the great as well as to the houses of the poor. Then, after showing their trinkets and introducing the subject of the Gospel, they would produce their New Testament and read it to the people gathered in the castle or house. Some copies were sold to the richer families, and so by Peter's efforts the Bible, which had hitherto been an unknown book, save in name, became a much coveted treasure from which people were eager to learn.—'Sunday Magazine.'

The Cost of Genuine Conversion.

(The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the 'Evangelist.')

Many persons just now are revolving these most vitally important of all questions, 'Ought I to become a Christian? If so, how shall I become one?' To such a person I would venture to say, with loving frankness, that to become a genuine, thorough, useful Christian is not, as some thoughtless people say, 'just the easiest thing in the world.' On Jesus Christ's side, your salvation cost the bitter agonies of the cross when he died for the sinner's redemption. He desires you to become his followers, and entreats you to do so, and the Holy Spirit is now pressing you to decide for Christ. But you must count the cost on your part. Cheap things are commonly poor things, and nothing is more utterly worthless than a cheap religion.

Jesus Christ never lowers the terms or the demands of discipleship. He provides neither palanquin or parlor car to transport you to heaven. 'Whosoever will not take up his cross and follow me, he cannot be my disciple.' At another time he said, 'Strive to enter into the strait gate.' He knows human nature perfectly; he knows how hard a human heart is, and what an ugly thing sin is, and how busy Satan is with his temptations, and how many bad habits you may have to root up if you become his sincere and happy follower. Count the cost carefully. The so-called 'conversions' that are the outcome of shallow sensational preaching, commonly end in shallow and short lived religion. There are names on church registers that are not worth the paper that contains them. Do not add one more.

The first step in a genuine conversion is a thorough repentance of your sins. The rubbish must come out before the foundation-stones of a Christian character can be laid. Christ himself began his ministry with the word, 'Repent!' and he never ceased to demand that all those who followed him should quit their besetting sins. The amiable young ruler would not quit his, and that ended the matter; he went off frowning and disappointed. Mark what that clear-eyed old Christian, Samuel Rutherford, once said: 'Many people only play with Christianity, and take Christ for almost nothing. If ye never had a sick night and a pained soul for sin, ye have not yet lighted upon Christ. Look to the right marks; if ye love your Saviour more than the world and would quit sin and the world for him, then that proveth that the work is sound.' You cannot cleave to your sins, and lay hold of Jesus with the same hand.

When David's eyes were opened to behold the depravity of his heart and the loathsomeness of his conduct, he cried out, 'Create in me a clean heart; wash me thoroughly from my iniquity.' He was willing to be thrown, like a filthy garment, into a cleaning vat, and be rubbed and pounded until the foul spots were washed out of the fabric of his heart. That was thorough repentance and is just what you need. The Holy Spirit will aid you in this vital business. Thorough repentance is proved by change of character and change of conduct; the one is what you are, and the other is what you do. The very first sin that you give up in order to please Jesus Christ is a vital step toward conversion. Pray for, and work for, a thorough conversion. It is deep ploughing that cuts up the weeds of sin by the roots, and yields a good crop of clean, useful and godly living. 'Must I not have faith?' Yes; but the very essence of saving faith is to obey Jesus Christ. He condensed it into these two words, 'Follow me!' You have been going the wrong way. Conversion means a turning round; instead of living for self and sin, turn the other way and follow Jesus. Prayer, in order to be practical, must be asking the help of the Holy Spirit, to do this very thing. Without that divine power to aid you, nothing permanent will be accomplished. Quench not the Spirit.

Once more let me urge you to count the cost. To be a strong, athletic, useful, happy Christian will cost you the cutting up of old favorite sins by the roots, and the cutting loose from sinful associations and bad habits; it will cost you some fights with the tempter, and the submission of your will to the will of Christ. This is the only road to peace of conscience and solid happiness. A man is always happy when he is right—happy in doing right and in the satisfaction of Christ's approving smile. 'I get more solid satisfaction in teaching my mission-school class,' said a converted man to me, 'than I ever got out of my theatre-goings and all the social gayeties of my whole life.' He had a new idea of life; it was not living to please sinful self, it was to please Christ and help others.

If it costs much to be a useful and effective Christian, it will cost you infinitely more to go back into thoughtless impenitence and live and die an unforgiven sinner. Genuine conversion to Christ costs self-denial; a falling back into sin will cost you self-destruction! There is a way that seemeth easy and pleasant to a man; but it leads down to death. Look at this mighty question calmly, and make the honest reckoning. Put into the one scale some self-denials and conflicts and oppositions, and at the end of them heaven! Put into the other scale self-indulgence and a life of sin, and at the end of it hell! Weigh the two, and weigh them for eternity. Then decide! 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

The Golden Prayer-Chain.

A lady missionary in India tells the following striking incident illustrating the power of prayer.

Upon her arrival in India she was given charge of a large class of native boys, and entered upon her work with much zest. But although she was very earnest and enthusiastic, and exerted all her tact and talent, from the very first her efforts threatened to prove a failure. The boys were idle and lawless, and refused to be instructed.

Week after week she toiled on at her thankless task. The thought of failure in what she considered her God-given work was unendurable, and she long refused to entertain it. She left nothing undone to gain the love and obedience of her boys, but in vain. The very spirit of mischief was among them, and with all her efforts they daily became more and more refractory.

Tried beyond endurance, she entered her schoolroom, after a night of prayer, determined to tell her pupils that because of her inability to gain their obedience she had given up her work, and would be their teacher no longer.

Imagine her surprise when, entering her schoolroom, as she supposed, for the last time, she was approached by one of the worst of her pupils, who said, with much feeling, 'Oh, teacher, I am so sorry and ashamed! I have been a bad pupil, and made you much trouble. Only forgive me and I will be better. I have shown you how bad I can be, now I will show you how good I can be.'

Before she could recover from her glad surprise another boy, said: 'Teacher, forgive me too. I, too, have been bad to you! but now I am sorry, and promise to be good.'

A contagion of penitence seemed to seize the boys. One after another expressed sorrow for his conduct, and promised to be studious and obedient. And from that day the school was changed. Day after day passed busily, and the school prospered.

She made careful note of the day on which the change began, 'for,' said she, 'it is God's doing, and some time he will surely let me know how and why he sent me and my pupils this great blessing.'

And he did. One day she received a letter from an old friend in London. The letter stated that on a certain day—the very day that she had noted—this friend, who was very devout, had resolved to pray daily for this teacher and her work. And ever since, from this home in London, earnest prayer had daily gone up to God for this teacher and her school away in India. And even as the first prayer was being uttered it was answered, for that very day God lightened the teacher's burden by touching her pupils' hearts and making them sorry for their idleness and disobedience. It was as if a golden chain reached from that devout heart in London up to God, and from thence reached down to that discouraged teacher in India, bringing help and blessing.—'Sunday Companion.'

Postal Crusade.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM MISS DUNHILL.

We have just received from Miss Dunhill, now well known to our readers, the following letter, which we are glad to insert, hoping it will reach the anonymous giver.

112 Irvine Ave., Westmount, Que.,
October 3, 1904.

The Editor of the 'Northern Messenger':

Dear Friend,—Will you please give space for a few words of gratitude? My heart goes out in thanks to the kind friend who sent me two dollars anonymously from Ottawa (or near). This is my only means of reaching this co-worker, but I pray the Lord may reward. 'They that tarry at home divide the spoil.' The very moment I gave the glad news to Mrs. Edwards Cole, of the Post-Office Crusade, she put into my hand a request from Mrs. C. H. Archibald, W.C.T.U., India, for literature for a needy Institution there (Bangalore). The cost exactly corresponded with the sum sent! We together praised the Lord for this striking answer to the prayer of faith.

Among the many joys that have come to me in your land is the news that the Westmount Y.'s have arranged to support a W. C. T. U. worker in India—a native Christian sister. This is truly supplying a great need. A very few dollars will do this, especially in the South, where Bible women are paid from less than two dollars a month, but there can be the harvest of the hundred-fold;—yea, one can chase a thousand. Gratefully,

H. E. DUNHILL,
National Organizer, W.C.T.U., India.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rose-Colored Glasses.

(Anna Johnson, in the 'New York Observer.')

'To-morrow is the great day. I would not miss it for the world, and yet I dread it. Monsieur LaGran will be exacting, and I will be stupid.'

The Vanes were assembled on the front porch. Off at the right the glow of the sunset was beginning to fade. Mrs. Vane sat in a rocker, and Violet, the flower-faced eldest daughter of the house, sat in another. Maurice and Margie, the sixteen-year-old twins, occupied a hammock, while Thomas lay on the floor. It was Maurice who had spoken.

The mother smiled over at her son. 'Of course you would not miss it. You have been a year earning the money for this term of violin lessons. You'll not mind if the good monsieur is a little stern.'

'Bolster your courage with the thought of the day when you will be a world-renowned violinist yourself,' was Margie's advice. 'For lessons on the piano from a teacher like monsieur, I'd eat humble pie, and do it gladly if not gracefully.'

Maurice looked wistfully into the bright, dark face, a softened and more feminine counterpart of his own. 'If you could have the lessons! That is the worst thing about money—it refuses to stretch enough to cover the real needs of the family.'

There was a moment's silence. The Vanes were far from being wealthy. Even the house and the great flouring mill where the husband and father spent his days still belonged to Uncle Luther, the rich but crabbed old bachelor, whose home was with them. They were to make him a home as long as he lived; at his death the house and the mill would be theirs.

In the meantime, the mill made them a comfortable living, but that was all. The father, Julian Vane, longed to make needed improvements, hoping thereby to make the property more productive. There was no money for these. Violet had graduated a year before; there was no money for her to go to college. The twins had still another year in school, but the musical training they longed for was beyond their reach. Even Thomas had his ambition. He was to be a lawyer, and he practiced his oratorical flights when alone in his own room.

It was Violet who recalled the family from their musings. Indeed it often was Violet who made the rough places smooth.

'Maurice, do not look for severity from Monsieur LeGran. He is a musician; he will recognize your musical hunger. I expect you to come home singing his praises.'

'Oh, that's too much to expect, Vi. Thank you for trying to hearten a fellow, but you always do look at things through rose-colored glasses.'

Thomas sat up. 'Rose-colored glasses? What are they? Your term may be poetical, my brother, it may even be musical, but it is not practical.'

'Why, everybody knows what that means,' Maurice cried.

His brother sprang up and disapeared at once within the house. A moment later he returned, carrying the large dictionary.

'We'll apply to your flowery language the test mother taught us when we were fourth-graders—see if it is in the dictionary. R. ro, rose. Here it is and a long list of compounds. Let me see.'

The boy had seated himself upon the upper step, the huge book resting on his knee. Soft gray shadows were beginning to gather, and Thomas bent his head closer to the page before him.

'I've found it, I mean the noun, rose-colored. Its definition is, "The color of the rose. Hence, figuratively, a roseate or attractive appearance or aspect." And there's an adjective, rose-colored. Even allowing you to use figurative language, I don't see upon what you base the charge brought against our bonnie sister.'

'It is true,' Maurice replied with a laugh, 'even if beyond your intellectual power to grasp. Vi always does see the bright side.'

'Well, that's commendable.'

'But she sees it, whether it is there or not. Of course she thinks it's there,' smiling over at his eldest sister: 'Mother, help me out, you know what I mean.'

'You mean that Violet looks for and recognizes the good. It reminds me of St. Paul's beautiful "whatsoever" verse. You recollect how, in his letter to the Philippians, he urges them to think on the things that are pure, lovely and of good report.'

Thomas moved nearer his mother and laid his dark head in her lap. 'They are good glasses to look through.'

'Yes, dear boy. We will all wear them. Let us look for good deeds from our fellow man and a good motive in what he does. The rose-colored glasses see the good, and there is good in everything.'

'Even in privation, mother?' Maurice then asked.

'There is often a real good in privation. It encourages self-dependence and promotes a spirit of helpfulness. Viewed through rose-colored glasses, I see that poverty is better for my ambitious girls and boys than wealth, if this last-named should bring selfishness with it. Your father agrees with me.'

Mr. Vane was coming up the walk. Violet slipped down on a cushion by the side of her brother Thomas, and her father took the chair she had occupied.

'What is it about rose-colored glasses? Mine are blurred to-night. If the drowth continues the corn crop will be ruined. Then how is my old friend, Hugh Thomas, to meet the note to which I was foolish enough to put my name?'

'I believe my glasses will fit you, father.' It was Violet who spoke, and she slipped one hand into the toil-hardened one of her father. 'Seed time and harvest, are promised, you know.'

Mr. Vane smiled, unconsciously straightening his form as he did so. 'You are right, my daughter. Why should we not look for good things—for the best? God is over all.'

'It's a comforting thought,' Maurice admitted. 'I am going to look at Monsieur LaGran and the world generally through rose-colored glasses.'

Through all this conversation Luther Vane was sitting just inside the open door. All knew he was there. They gave the matter little thought, for the old man resolutely refused to be interested in the merry conversation of the children.

Suddenly he rose and moved quietly to the door of his own room. When he was shut up by himself, he did not light a lamp, but sat down by an open window and looked up to where the stars were beginning to shine out in the unclouded sky.

'Rose-colored glasses! Humph! Julian and that serene-faced wife of his have looked at the world through them all these years. And sometimes I believe she sees me and all my faults through them. But it is the children and their future upon which her gaze rests.'

He learned back in his chair, recalling how he had always disapproved of his niece's aspirations for her children. They had not been spoiled by these dreams. The head and heart of Maurice might be filled with music, yet he cheerily gave his leisure hours to working in the mill. Violet might dream of poetry and college life, but she dusted, and baked good bread.

'Rose-colored glasses,' the old man repeated. 'Mine have a golden tinge; I have thought of little but money for years, and soon I must die and leave it. There was no reason why I should not have put my name to Hugh Thomas' note. His father was my dearest friend. Julian was a fool to do it, for should he have the amount to pay, it would ruin him. There are so many things I might have done! Well, I am too old to don these new-fangled glasses, but I will see how they become the younger generation of Vanes.'

Maurice Vane took his violin lesson the next afternoon. He walked home through a gently falling rain. Remembering the acres of tall, dark green corn and what they meant to his father's friend the youth laughed aloud as the raindrops fell upon his face.

'It does not need rose-colored glasses to see good in this rain,' he said as he entered the dining-room where the family were assembled round the table. 'It may surprise you to learn that I did not need them in the case of Monsieur La Gran.'

He took his place at the table as he spoke. His mother and father served him. Uncle Luther went on eating, but the other members of the family laid down their forks and waited breathlessly for Maurice to proceed.

'Thank you, mother,' as he took the dish of sugared blackberries from her hand. 'Monsieur is fine. He has lived for music, and it has softened and perfected his nature. In a way he is severe; he told me that I had everything to learn, but he made me feel that to learn was a glorious privilege.'

Luther Vane shot a keen glance at the flushed, eager young face. The old man was recalling his own boyish love for music. He had let the greed for gold crowd out the very thing that Maurice said had softened and perfected another man's nature.

The days of summer and early autumn sped by. Violet was her mother's right hand. In the girl's leisure hours she read and studied. Maurice did not neglect his school work nor the tasks at the mill, but every spare moment was given to his violin. Margie practiced on the wheezy old piano and dreamed her own girlish dreams.

One evening the twins were seated on the back steps. Maurice was going over every detail of his lesson for the benefit of Margie.

'If you could only have lessons, too,' he said.

'I will some day. Don't think I envy you, Maurice. I remember how many skating parties you gave up to earn this money. Our day will come—Vi's and mine. Vi will teach a country school next year, and I—well, I must wait and trust.'

'Rose-colored glasses,' Maurice laughed, glad that the semi-darkness did not permit his sister to see how his lips quivered. 'If I only had Uncle Luther's money.'

Margie shook her head. 'I am afraid it would blur your vision as it does his. Poor Uncle Luther! He does not know how much happiness there is in looking through rose-colored glasses.'

Luther Vane overheard this conversation as

he had the one a few months before. He was sitting in his own room, and the window looked out on the back porch. The old gentleman rose and noiselessly lowered the window sash.

October tenth was the senior Mr. Vane's birthday. He was seventy years old on that day. When he came out to breakfast he found a bunch of scarlet carnations at his plate, also a new book.

'Many pleasant returns, Uncle,' was Mrs. Vane's greeting, and the children echoed the gracious words.

There was an unwonted look of gentleness on Mr. Vane's wrinkled face as he glanced round the little circle.

'Thank you, one and all. I have heard it said that when a man had lived three-score and ten years, and his life was still prolonged, that he was living on the Lord's time. Today I begin on his time, and I must spend it well.

He addressed himself to his breakfast and did not speak again, save in response to some question. The meal was finished, and Julian Vane started to rise from the table. His uncle motioned him to wait.

'Stay a moment, Julian. I am going to celebrate my seventieth birthday in an unusual manner, at least unusual for me. I will don the rose-colored glasses of which I have heard so much in the past few weeks.'

There was a moment of wondering silence. It was broken by Violet who smiled up in the face of her kinsman.

'I am so glad, Uncle Luther! You will enjoy looking through them.'

'I think so, child.' His tone was slow and contemplative. For a moment he sat looking absently out of the window to where on a sloping hillside near a group of maples stood outlined, in golden and crimson radiance, right against the soft blue sky. Then he turned his gaze to those sitting at the table.

'Already I see the beauty and loving unselfishness in this home. It is good because it is of God. My glasses have a dark side, the one turned to the wearer. I see the mistake of my life. Money means little unless it is used to help on the good to be found in the lives of others. Few years are left me to recompense for the many I have wasted, but I will improve the few. Julian, here are the deeds of the house and the mill. The third paper gives you the money to make the improvements you have long desired.'

Julian Vane would have spoken, but his uncle silenced him with a wave of his hand.

'Let me finish. Violet is to enter the State University as soon as she pleases. Maurice shall continue his lessons, and Margie shall commence under a good teacher, with a new piano, too. There, there, child. Let music keep your life pure and simple, that is all I ask. Thomas's turn shall come in good time. As for you, my dear,' turning to Mrs. Vane, 'you shall have help and then you can give me part of your time. I am going to turn my glasses on the outside world, and you must help me see the good that I can assist on its way.'

It was some time before any of the family could utter aught but broken words of gratitude. Once more Violet found her voice first.

'Bless the rose-colored glasses. The best thanks we can give you, Uncle Luther, is to help you induce others to wear them.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Simple Jack's Lesson.

(Grace Stebbing, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

HAPTER I.—A BAD SEASON.

Every one who has been for any length of time in a fishing hamlet, knows the significance of the short sentence: 'A bad season.' It is no exaggeration at all to say that the absence of the profitable shoals from our shores, for a season, frequently means the loss of the lives of many of the hapless women and children, from the bitter privations and sore straits to which they are reduced.

Anybody endowed with a pair of intelligent eyes could see a grey cloud, as it were, hanging over the whole of Breeze Point.

The fishermen had gathered no harvest from the deep; their wives had no money in the housekeeping purses; the children starved on the mockery of meals, and shivered through the keen blasts and biting frosts, in their worn-out clothes. Clothes only fit for the patchwork to which the mothers had destined them, when hopes were yet high for 'A good season.'

The shops in the little town told their own share of the grave tale.

In the grocer's shop the dust lay thick upon the little tins of mustard, on the pickle jars and jam pots. The pennies had gone freely enough for such inducements to appetite in the past, but starvation fare includes few condiments.

The chief luxury that the grocer's window displayed during these weeks was a piled up heap of broken biscuits, some not so clean as they might be, all of them the refuse accumulation of months past. Now or never, the worthy man well knew, was the time to dispose of this portion of his merchandise.

Twopence a pound might even now tempt some of the customers who have been wont to patronize his boxes of crisp 'Alberts' and 'Colonials,' and ginger nuts.

In the baker's window big dusty loaves, self-proclaimed 'seconds,' had usurped the beforetime show of daintily white fancy bread and buns. The aspect of the small general draper's dimmed the eyes of a passer-by possessed of sympathy and quick wits.

The coarsest of coarse hollands and flannels, and rough serges, with nothing better to brighten the windows than a roll or two of scarlet and crimson ribbons much the worse for past sun and time, and some sprays and bunches of dishevelled artificial flowers at which bright eyes would have looked scorn, and pretty lips would have curled contemptuously that time last year, when fathers, brothers, husbands and lovers had come home with purses full and free hands.

But even in the hamlet of Breeze Bay there were gradations. When an extra bad season came, all were poor, even the tradesmen who sold so little, and had to sell even that on credit almost as often as on the 'cash system,' which figured so conspicuously on the heading of their bills. Even the clergyman felt the hard pinch, who had no extra shillings coming in for marriages, as usual at that season of the year. He had to wear his old shoes cobbled to the point of painfulness, instead of having enough money to buy the comfortable stout new ones he had been hoping for, good patient man.

But below the poor there were the very poor. Of these latter the saddest were widow Gregory and her half-witted son. Widow Gregory was over seventy years of age, but an honest will accomplished, even yet, what strength might scarcely have managed now, and when prosperity reigned around, many a day's washing at home and abroad the upright old woman did for busy mothers, or sometimes for idle or pleasure-loving housewives, who easily spent what seemed to them as they stayed at home ease, so easily and pleasantly come by.

'Just sitting in a boat, and letting the fish catch themselves,' as one foolish young wife said one thoughtless day.

At such plentiful times half-witted Jack earned his own bread, and clothing, too, quite easily. He was as strong as a lion, as the saying goes, could haul up boats, and push them out single-handed, where three men might struggle over the work, without him. He was quite knowing at sorting fish, and could even be trusted to go round selling on a beat he knew. In fact there were heaps of little things of all kinds upon which he could be well employed in the cheerful stress of an abundant sea-harvest.

But when takes were small, and money so scarce, 'Daft Jack's' somewhat uncertain services were the first to be dispensed with, and the only act of friendliness shown to the poor fellow was the bestowal of an occasional mug of ale that helped still further to muddle the beclouded brain, and help towards the mother's heartbreak, and increase of trouble in her saddened home.

It is needless to say that few and far between were the hours of out-of-home employment that widow Gregory was called upon to perform, at this time, while the poor faded ribbons were making their shabby show in Mr. Tape's windows. Her neighbors had no money to spare to pay for work they could do themselves, or—leave undone.

Jack's long, loose limbs began to bend under him, and a stoop of the shoulders to show itself, while the wandering eyes grew pitiful as those of an animal that is in a state of discomfort and suffering it cannot understand. Jessy Wing's own pretty eyes grew dim as they met Jack's starved, piteous gaze.

Jessy had only come to the hamlet some eighteen months ago as a young bride. Sam Wing had married on a special tide of prosperity, and life present and future had seemed to the happy young couple to be bathed in sunlight. But the next fishing had been a good deal below the average, and now, just when the advent of the bonny baby girl made extra expenses inevitable, there came this calamity of the hoped-for harvest's utter failure.

Troubles were certainly piled up just now for poor Breeze Bay. A cold, wet summer season had kept away even the few visitors who had discovered the charms of the little place, and who would come year by year and pass holiday weeks there, spending money that seemed to the simple inhabitants like wealth, and that meant many a small comfort and advantage for the children during the coming winter time.

Sam Wing's fine sunburnt face looked downcast enough, as he sat day in day out, making new sets to catch fish that he began to fear had deserted those coasts, or knitting his stockings with all a sailor's neat skill and to his wife's great admiration.

Sam was employed in this way beside his baby's cot when Jessy returned home from her simple marketing, and her meeting with poor Jack. She went up to her husband, bent down, and kissed him.

'Dear old man, how beautifully you do knit. "Even" isn't the word for it. What a blessing it is to have one's intellects to be sure. One cannot be too thankful for them.' Without having the clue to his wife's thought Sam nodded down at the two-months' old girlie in the cradle.

'She's got her's right enough, thank God. The notice she takes already is something downright wonderful, I declare.'

'Blessings on her, the darling,' said the young mother. But her husband caught the sound of a sigh in her voice, and echoed it.

'You're thinking as a shorter allowance of intellects would after all do to starve upon, I reckon.'

'Ah! no, no, no!' exclaimed Jessy. 'I was thinking how doubly hard suffering must be to bear, when the mind is too beclouded to know that all that God does, or lets be, is well for those who love him. I came across Jack Gregory just now, and his clothes hang so as if you could put two of him inside them. And his eyes have a look in them as never was, like the look Vicar's good dog had after the hay waggon went over him.'

Jessy sighed again, and passed the corner of her apron over her own eyes.

'I reckon he and his mother must be having pretty hard times,' said Sam gravely. 'We all are, for that matter.'

'But not like them,' put in Jessy eagerly. 'Never another one steady and sober and industrious as widow Gregory, is suffering as badly as she and Jack must be. Certainly we are not, and oh! I wish——'

There was a pause. Jessy glanced up from the baby to her husband half timidly, and then spoke again, with little breaks.

'The butcher has let me have such a fine lot of bones and good fresh bits to-day for fourpence, Sam. And rice and barley are fine and cheap, are they not? And our potatoes and onions bid fair to last us well on to the next crop.'

'A good thing, too, seeing as there don't seem much else between us and starvation,' returned Sam gloomily, keeping his eyes away from his wife, and staring steadily out of the window. He began to see that she was 'driving at something,' as he inwardly expressed it, and he was making a desperate effort to steel his heart against what he guessed that something to be.

But it was no good. There was no standing against Jessy and his own generous nature, whatever prudence and selfishness might say. He might quite as well have yielded at once.

Jessy knelt down and kissed the infant's soft pink cheek, and then turned and put up a coaxing, loving hand to her husband's neck.

'The widow and her son did not starve when she gave a little cake out of her scanty store to the prophet, Sam dear.'

'There were miracles in those days,' grunted Sam, trying to be surly as a defence against the growing inclination to be merciful.

That gentle hand, passing so pleadingly up and down from his shoulder to his cheek, from his cheek to his shoulder, had a winning influence, even more than the words, perhaps.

'Our Father's loving providence still cares for us all, Sam.'

Sam took the caressing hand away from his cheek, and held it prisoner, while he rose up from his seat with an appearance of impatience that was more show than reality.

'Don't you think that you'd better set to work trying to feed the whole hungry neighborhood, my lass, now that our purse is in such a fine thin state?'

Jessy laughed a happy little laugh of triumph,' in spite of Sam's lugubrious reminder as to their own poverty.

'Dear, kind old man! I don't propose going in for the wholesale business. The retail is more in my line. But I must not be holiday-making like this, or you will be ready for your dinner long before your dinner is ready for you.'

And with a kiss for thanks, at being allowed to give away a portion of her own scanty daily bread, Jessy set to work preparing an inexpensive but savory meal.

CHAPTER II.—JACK'S LESSON.

Between three and four hours had passed since poor Jack Gregory's wistful glance at Jessy's market basket had caused her such a pang of sympathy.

A still more sorrowful object the poor fellow looked now as he sat in his own home, a limp, exhausted creature, gazing at his aged mother lying back in her old arm-chair, and literally passing away from him rapidly as the minutes passed, from sheer starvation. Gregory did not know that she was dying. It was beyond the power of his brains to realize the idea of death, but he quite understood that his mother was desperately hungry, so desperately hungry that she could not even help him to bear his own pain any more, by smiling at him, or saying, 'Poor Jack! Mother's poor Jack!' Mother's own pain must be awfully bad when it came to that. The poor half-idiot could grasp that fact, and love gave the brains some extra power at a critical time.

Help was at hand for the sorrowful pair, but even so it would be too late for one of them if something did not arouse the old woman out of her deathly lethargy. Happily for the comfort of many tender hearts in Breeze Bay, Jack achieved that something.

For nearly an hour he had been muttering words over and over to himself in a low and doubtful way, precisely after the manner of a clever parrot practising an addition to its list of sentences. 'Poor Jack! mother's own poor Jack.' With these words began the task the son had set himself. Then it went on. 'Mother's poor—Jack's poor—Jack's mother—poor mother's Jack——'

And so on and on, the anxious, longing, earnest effort of the clouded brain, helped by love, till at last, by God's blessing on the patient student, the lesson was gained perfectly, and then there came a tremendous, electrifying shout. A shout that rang with triumph and joy and love.

'Jack's mother! poor mother. Jack's own poor mother! Jack's own poor mother!'

The triumphant tones penetrated the ears of the swooning woman. She had not taken in the sense of the words, but the voice signified joy, and joy for her poor boy meant joy for her.

The dying eyes and pallid lips opened with smiles, and the feeble sentence once more—'Mother's own poor Jack.'

'Jack's own poor mother,' retorted the son, with a weak, delighted laugh. 'Jack's own poor mother.'

He was so delighted with his accomplishment that he even forgot starvation for the minute. But his nose was a keen one. He had many animal powers highly developed, and at this moment he paused, nose moving, ears intent, head bent.

'Jack's own poor mother, dinner,' he said shortly and significantly, nodding at his wondering mother, whom his voice had literally called back from the gates of the grave.

Before she could gather breath for further speech there came a tap at the door. The man Jack Gregory answered it as a boy might have done, with a glad cry—'Dinner!' and a clap of the hands.

The visitor took that for an all-sufficient permission to enter, and lifting the latch she stood in the doorway for a few seconds, while she said, between laughing and sobbing:—

'Yes, dinner for Jack's poor mother, and mother's poor Jack.'

Jack laughed and clapped his hands again. 'Jack's own poor mother. Jack said it, Jack's own poor mother.'

But hunger really was very pressing in its claims, so his thoughts turned back to dinner again. He patted the basket affectionately.

'Dinner in there,' he said coaxingly. 'Dinner come out,' as though he would give it friendly encouragement to exhibit itself.

When it did, even while he was speaking, and a heaped portion was placed before him, the poor creature set to, devouring the food like a famished animal, but even so he would look up every now and again to nod at his mother, who was being fed tenderly by Sukey, and flourish his spoon with glad shout, 'Jack's own poor mother.'

A song of thanksgiving even more joyous went up to heaven from the mother's soul, for the suffering that had called forth this beautiful gleam of love to warm her mother heart.

'Mother's own dear Jack,' she murmured half an hour later, when Sukey and her life-bringing basket were gone, and she sank into a restful and refreshing sleep after the first warm nourishing meal she had had for seven weeks.

'Mother's own dear Jack.'

CHAPTER III.—JACK'S MOTHER HAS FEARS.

The day after Jack's achievement Jessy and her basket appeared again, according to yesterday's promise, at 'World's End Cottage,' with a second instalment of the soup stew from the fourpennyworth of bones with barley, and vegetables in liberal supply.

Sam had come along, carrying the baby, just to have a peep in. Interest had been a good deal aroused by his wife's tale. But he had sensitive feelings for others, like many a sailor and fisherman, and had no intention of intruding upon the poor widow, so with a nod to 'Friend Jack,' and a 'good-day, Mrs. Gregory, we'll all pull along somehow yet,' he turned back home to set to work at mending his wife's shoes.

For once Jessy was better pleased with her husband's absence than his company. She had been so afraid that he meant to stay, and spoil a little plan she had in her head.

It was a little plan about which she had misgivings herself, and felt sure that Sam would have more. Both sets piled together would smother her hopes before they were put to the test, which would be a pity.

'How I do wish there were anything I could do to show my gratitude to you, you dear, young thing,' said Mrs. Gregory as she sat eating the little morsel that was sufficient to sustain her strength, and watching her son's enjoyment of his more ample feast.

Jessy followed her gaze with a bright smile and a little nod of her head.

'That is just what I am going to beg you to do, Mrs. Gregory, so there! I want you to spare Jack——'

'Jack's own poor mother,' interrupted the diner, looking up.

Jessy gave another nod, and bestowed upon him a still brighter smile. 'Yes, and mother's own good Jack, who will take a long walk for me to the town, won't you, Jack?'

Jack sprang up from his seat in a state of wild excitement. 'Sell fish?' he exclaimed.

Taking that five-mile walk to the town to sell fish was associated in his mind with seasons of especial luxury, when his mother had a hot fish supper ready for himself on his return, and there was roast meat and Yorkshire pudding for the two o'clock dinner on Sunday. When Jessy Wing said the mer-

chandise was to be stockings, and not fish, he looked dubious, while his poor mother looked literally alarmed, as Jessy opened a parcel and displayed two handsome pairs of exquisitely-knitted grey worsted stockings, with ornamental tops, upon which Sam had amused himself with trying his powers on a fancy stitch.

'Oh! my dear, my dear,' she ejaculated, laying down her fork to clasp her hands. 'I daren't trust them with him. He is my dear boy, but of course I—I know.'

Jessy drew the old woman's head within her arm, kissing the worn forehead.

'Yes, dear, I know,' she said gently.

There was a short pause, then Jessy went on in a lighter tone:

'Even if these were lost, Sam has enough to last him till, please God, next fishing season brings back better filled purses. Meanwhile he is growing a bit depressed, and I should be main glad to have him heartened up by finding he had the sense to have other ways, besides the fishing, of earning pence to fill the pot.'

'You are a good wife,' said Mrs. Gregory. 'But what does your husband say?'

'Ah! he knows naught. He thinks too little of his skill, or I would get him to carry his work to the town himself. But, bless you, it would be less than no good. Why he'd more like than not offer them for less than the wool cost him, seeing as he'd "spoilt the wool by working it."'

And Jessy laughed a proud little laugh over her beloved husband's rare humility, whilst her companion admired the beautiful knitting to her heart's great content.

CHAPTER IV.—A NEW KIND OF 'FISH.'

'If you were to take them in yourself?' such was the still more than half-anxious remark of Mrs. Gregory when Sam's dark iron-grey stockings, fastened together with a string, and slung over Jack's arm, her son was about to start on his unusual errand to the town.

Jessy patted the wrinkled hand laid upon her own arm. 'You naughty woman to try to frighten me in my messenger! I am not up to such a long walk, and besides, Sam would have to know then. And suppose I failed? He would feel more badly than he does now. No, no, good Jack will go, and do his best. Be off with you, my man.'

Jack understood that order, at any rate, and departed with a leap and a whoop that at least bespoke delight in having employment once more, if not superior wisdom. And Jessy's trust was rewarded.

About halfway to the town Jack met the two seniors of the Grammar School, lads well known in Breeze Bay, and in their last term now, before going up to Cambridge.

Wilton and Hallett both in their turn recognized the pedestrian who was approaching them with an alternate leap and run and shuffle. When they were small boys Jack Gregory had been an object of their intensest admiration for his great strength, and his invariable good temper and dog-like willingness, and still kept their friendly regard when admiration had given way to pity.

Jack's eyes beamed when they caught sight of his favorites, and the leaps became so continuous and prodigious that any stranger would have certainly felt it wise to turn and fly, had he witnessed them.

Wilton and Hallett only stood still and just laughed till their sides ached, their laughter exciting the exhibitor to greater and more extraordinary feats of agility.

'Boat boys—fish boys' he shouted, as he drew close. 'Want fish, buy fish?'

'You good old, ridiculous fellow,' laughed Hallett, 'if we wished, what would be the use of telling you. You don't call these fish.'

Jack looked down at his wares, and replied in a solemn tone of profound wisdom—'Ah! good fish. Fisherman Wing's new fish—stocking fish. Jack's own poor mother say fine, very fine stocking—fish.'

There was a good long pause between the words stocking and fish. Jack could not remember that his mother had put the two together; but then he always had been sent to sell fish, and nothing but fish, so although he quite well knew that these goods were for putting on the body, and not inside it, he could not get rid of the fish salesman notion from his mind.

'Stocking-fish,' he repeated, comfortably confident at length that the expression must be right. 'Buy?'

And the lads, while they laughed, did buy. At least they read the card tacked on, 'Please buy, and help a fisherman to earn his living: 5s. 6d. a pair.' And then they walked Jack on to their homes, where their mothers admired the fine even knitting as much as Jessy did, and each bought a pair for her son's knickerbocker suit, and Mrs. Wilton gave an extra sixpence.

'As I should have had to do in the shop,' she said.

The boys' share in the transaction was giving a gigantic 'feed' to Jack in the effort, as they said, to stuff out his lean cheeks again; and in seeing that their sisters well obeyed their mothers' injunctions to do up good packages of food for him to carry back.

'One for your mother, one for the "stocking-fish" maker,' laughed Hallett, as the pair started happy Jack on his homeward way. 'Jack's own poor mother,' he sang as a song of thanksgiving till he reached Breeze Bay.

As hearty, and more intelligent thanksgivings, went up to the Throne of Grace from two cottage homes that night, for the clouds of adversity had passed by.

No one was more astonished than worthy Sam at the fruits of his wise industry.

'A week's keep with your clever management, beyond the price of the wool,' he said with a grateful smile at his happy wife.

'When one lane is marked "no thoroughfare," try another, father always says,' she replied.

And the wise saying took wonderful hold upon the good fisher-folk of Breeze Bay, with the comfortable commentary upon it of their mate Wing's good success.

It was astonishing how many things, shell-ornaments, rag-mats, toys, plum-stone scent-bottles, sponge-nets, boats, and the rest of it, the men all found they could make, and with some amount of trouble find a sale for, when they set their wits to work.

And the threatened starvation fled Breeze Bay.

A Girl's Good Manners.

'I like Cousin Amy ever so much,' said Florence Kimball to her mother, 'but I do wish she had better manners.'

Mrs. Kimball looked up in mild surprise.

'That is very strange, Florence,' she said quietly. 'Since Amy came here on a visit two weeks ago, I have been watching her very closely, and I think I never saw a more amiable girl.'

'So she is, mother—so she is!' exclaimed Florence, hastily. 'She is very gentle and so obliging, and I don't believe she could say a cross word if she tried.'

'I thought you said she was ill-mannered,' said Mrs. Kimball, with a smile.

'Not ill-mannered, mother, but—well, I'll tell you what I mean. The other day we all went to the entertainment with our brother George, you know, and we had seats just back of the Marshall girls. I introduced Amy, and, would you believe it, she never said a word during the performance? We all talked and talked about everything—fashion and books, and—and—every thing that girls talk about, and Amy sat right there looking at the performance.'

'I wonder she was not ejected by the usher for creating a disturbance,' remarked Mrs. Kimball, with a sly twinkle in her eyes. 'Were the Marshall girls offended?'

'Not really offended, but they thought it so very strange, and so did I. So different from most girls!'

'Very different,' replied Mrs. Kimball, dryly. 'Well?'

'And then yesterday we called to see Mary Chew, and Mary showed us a book of etchings, and when she asked Amy's opinion, she told her that they were not very good.'

'Amy knows,' observed Mrs. Kimball, quietly. 'She has wonderful judgment in art matters.'

'Oh, I know she knows. But she shouldn't have said so.'

'But Mary asked her opinion as a critic.'

'To be sure she did, but that makes no difference. And then Amy is so precise in keeping her engagements. If she says three o'clock she insists upon being there to the minute.'

'My daughter,' said Mrs. Kimball, gravely, 'Amy has manners that all girls would do well to imitate. She is gentle and kind, and at the same time frank. She talks very little, but when she speaks she talks sense. She never gives advice except when asked, and then she speaks the truth. These are admirable traits.'

'But, mother—'

'Her lack of social polish? I was coming to that. You must remember she has had no mother since the age of eight. Her father is an artist who cares nothing for society. Therefore Amy knows very little about etiquette. But her manners, Florence, are very good. Don't you think yourself that if people had less superficial polish and more truthfulness, promptness and amiability, the world would be better?'

'Yes, mother,' admitted Florence, humbly, 'I think it would.'—'Canadian Churchman.'

Brief Hints For Bright Girls.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following accomplishments are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.

Never fuss or fret or fidget.—'Sunday-school Messenger.'

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Speaking Through Space.

When the great gathering of Sunday-school workers were on their way to the convention in the Holy Land, last spring, the Editor of the 'S.S. Times,' Mr. Chas. Gallaudet Trumbull, wrote an interesting series of letters entitled 'On the Way to Jerusalem,' which were published weekly in that paper. In one of these (issue of May 28) he gives the following vivid account of the exchange of messages between ships at sea by the Marconigraph:—

'While writing in my stateroom on Monday afternoon, March 28, on these letters to the home people, a deck steward knocked and announced, 'The Kaiserin Maria Theresia, sir!' I hurried on deck, and there she steamed, not a mile away, bearing directly down upon our port side, cutting our course at right angles. My next move was a run for the Marconi instrument room. Finding it in full operation, I hunted up Mrs. Trumbull, and together we had the experience of seeing and hearing a message sent off through space from our own steamer to the sister boat. At 4.53½ o'clock the operator began transmitting the message which readers of the 'Sunday-School Times' saw in the issue of April 2. White sparks of lightning leaped fiercely and with ear-stinging intensity from the instrument with each dot and dash of the Morse alphabet, as my message sped on its way. After a few minutes of uninterrupted transmission, our operator stopped, threw up an arm of his instrument, opened the end covering of his receiver, and waited.

'Have you finished the message?' I asked.

'No; I've sent about half,—now I'm waiting to see if he has it all, or whether he wants any words repeated.'

Presenting came a faint clicking of the receiver,—so faint that we hardly noticed it after the noisy report of the transmitting. But in a few seconds—'All right; go on with the rest,' read our operator, and down came the arm, up went the cover closing the receiver, and the rapid fire of transmission began again.

'He's a German, and receiving very well,' commented Mr. Furness as the sparks continued. Finally he waited again, his receiver open.

'What's the word after "schools"? The words from "schools" to "Psalmist"?' So that sentence was sent again, and then the distant boat repeated the cable address of the 'Sunday-school Times' which I had used,—'Suntime, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and it showed that he had it perfectly.

'Shall send harbor?' came a question in faintly flickering waves. Not understanding it, Mr. Furness inquired further.

'Shall I send this message from the next harbor?' came the query. Our answer to this arranged for the cabling of the message from Athens, the Maria Theresia's next port, to Philadelphia.

The other boat at this time was steaming twenty miles an hour; our own, sixteen miles. At nine minutes past four the report O K flickered from our receiver, and the Jerusalem pilgrims' greetings to North America had taken a flying start toward their goal.

Mrs. Trumbull and I stepped out from the little cabin and scanned the horizon for the Maria Theresia. Not a sign of her was visible. Yet from the door of the Marconi room came the sharp reports that told of the conversation still going on. And some people profess to believe that the day of miracles is past!

Half an hour later I visited the Marconi room. The sparks were more fiercely intense, showing the increased pressure that was required for the increasing distance, and the answering flutter of the receiver was very faint. It is a new experience, unlike any other in the world to stand by a Marconi instrument after the receiver has been thrown open and the operator waits for an answer to a question he has just sent off through the ether to his invisible correspondent. One waits in dead silence. The recording tape is motionless, or moves quictly, as the operator wills. No response; wheels and levers are still. Then just a faint tap, tap, and we know that some one is speaking. The telephone, telegraph, submarine cable, seem commonplace. They are connected all the way. But here is something that ends at the masthead, yet links ships that pass unseen and unheard save for this call of the ether. It deepens a man's faith to see it.

The band of the passing boat had played an American hymn, by her captain's orders, we learned from the invisible courier. And the captains of the two vessels exchanged compliments, while the captain of the Maria Theresia sent to the Hon. Herbert Clark, our conductor, a message of greeting to the Jerusalem pilgrims.

The intervening mountainous land by which the distant boat was passing made it necessary to terminate the communication sooner than would have been the case in open sea. Shortly after five o'clock Mr. Furness 'sparked' the words 'good-by,' and the dialogue was ended.

How the Governor Signed the Pardon.

(Eugene Field, in the 'Chicago News.')

Everybody was afraid of the old governor, because he was so cross and surly. And one morning he was crosser and surlier than ever, because he had been troubled for several days with a matter which he had already decided, but which many people wished to have reversed. A man, found guilty of a crime, had been imprisoned, and there were those who, convinced of his penitence, and knowing that his family needed his support, earnestly sought his pardon. To all these solicitations the old governor replied, 'No,' and, having made up his mind, the old governor had no patience with those who persisted. So the old governor was in high dudgeon one morning, and when he came to his office he said to his secretary: 'Admit no one. I am weary of these senseless importunities.'

Now, the secretary had a discreet regard for the old governor's feelings, and it was seldom that his presence of mind so far deserted him as to admit of his suffering the old governor's wishes to be disregarded. He bolted the door and sat himself down at his modest desk, and simulated intense enthusiasm in his work. His simulation was more intense than usual, for never before had the secretary seen the old governor in such a harsh mood.

'Has the mail come? Where are the papers and the letters?' demanded the old governor, in a gruff voice.

'Here they are, sir,' said the secretary, as he put the bundle on the old governor's table. 'These are addressed to you privately; the business letters are on my desk. Would you like to see them now?'

'No, not now,' growled the old governor; 'I will read the papers and my private correspondence first.'

But the old governor found cause for uneasiness. The papers discussed the imprisoned man, and these private letters came from certain of the old governor's friends, who strangely enough, exhibited an interest in the self-same prisoner. The old governor was disgusted.

'They should mind their own business,' muttered the old governor. 'The papers are officious, and these other people are impertinent. My mind is made up—nothing shall change it.'

Then the old governor turned to his private secretary, and made him bring the business letters, and presently the private secretary could hear the old governor growling and fumbling over the pile of correspondence. He knew why the old governor was excited; many of these letters were petitions touching the imprisoned man.

'Humph!' said the governor at last. 'I'm glad I'm done with them. There are no more, I suppose.'

When the secretary made no reply the old governor was surprised. He wheeled in his chair and searchingly regarded the secretary over his spectacles. He saw that the secretary was strangely embarrassed.

'You have not shown all,' said the governor, sternly. 'What is it you have kept back?'

Then the secretary said: 'It is nothing but a little child's letter—I thought I would not bother you with it.'

The governor was interested. A child's letter—what could it be about? Such a thing had never happened before.

'A child's letter! Let me see it,' said the governor, and, although his voice was harsh, somewhat of a tender light came into his eyes.

''Tis nothing but a scrawl,' explained the secretary, 'and it comes from the prisoner's child—Monckton's little girl—Monckton, the forger, you know. Of course there's nothing in it—a mere scrawl; for the child is only five years old. But the gentleman who sends it says the child brought it to him and asked him to send it to the governor.'

The governor took the letter, and he scanned it curiously. What a wonderful letter it was, and who but a little child could have written it! Such strange hieroglyphics and crooked lines—it was a wonderful letter, as you can imagine.

But the old governor saw something more than the hieroglyphics and crooked lines and rude pencilings. He could see in and between the lines of the little child's letter a sweetness and a pathos he had never seen before, and on the crumpled sheet he found a love like the love his bereaved heart had vainly yearned for, oh! so many years.

As the old governor looked upon the crumpled page, and saw and heard the pleadings of the child's letter, he thought of his own little one—God rest her innocent soul! And it seemed to him as if he could hear her dear baby voice joining with this other's in truthful pleading.

The secretary was amazed when the old governor said: 'Give me a pardon blank.' But what most amazed him was the tremulous tenderness in the old governor's voice and the mistiness behind the old governor's spectacles, as he folded the crumpled page and put it carefully in the breast-pocket of his great-coat.

'Humph!' thought the secretary, 'the old governor has a kinder heart than any of us suspected.'

When the prisoner was pardoned and came from his cell, people grasped him by the hand and said: 'We saved you.'

But the secretary knew, and the old governor, too—God bless him for human heart!—they knew that a dimpled baby hand opened those prison doors.

Korovan's Translations.

(Alice Bruce, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'I cannod shtand it, I cannod. All ze t'me mit zat rent you puts me hoff. Von day you zay, "Ja"; Nexd day you zay, "Nein"! Now, to you I zay, no mor' "Jas," no mor' "Neins," I vas tired hof sooch. To-morrow I musht haf it, or yoos stock, efery book hof it, I zell! Nein, nein! vor mor' vords I haf no use, Mishter Borden, no uze!'

'If— if— I was able, Gonorowski,' feebly remonstrated the white-haired tenant of the old book-store, 'I would pay it. You— you know——'

'No uze vor mor' vords, no uze, I zay!' interupted the excited landlord harshly; 'alretty too long you pud me hoff. To-morrow I musht haf it, or to-morrow I zell!'

The ill humored threat tailed off in a dull, guttural cluck. 'My pound of flesh' was engraved in the beady eyes sparkling like polished steel, and Roger Borden with a curious sinking at his heart and a last unconscious plea for leniency in his pathetic, care-worn face, recoiled before the frigid smile that curled and froze on the broad, almost bloodless, lips.

When Simon Gonorowski was angry, it was useless to try to stem the tide of his anger. Under far more auspicious circumstances the book-dealer had tried once before, but the result had hardly justified a renewal of the attempt. Hebrew of the Hebrews, in Simon there was nothing of the Samaritan. In his stilted make-up, for leniency and sympathy there was no convenient niche. If he promised, he fulfilled. If he borrowed, he repaid. With the strict letter of the law he had to do, not with brotherly love.

Ten years without default had Roger Borden paid rent into the grasping palm of Gonorowski. Thirty dollars a month for an oblong strip of dinginess was a top-notch price; but in the street of the bookworms there was nothing more suitable, nothing cheaper.

'Nein!' had Gonorowski eagerly assured him. 'Anyzing mor' zootable, anyzing cheaper, you cannod vind. I guaranteez you, nein!'

'But it's—it's a very dirty place,' Borden had complained, accentuating the deep wrinkles on his brow.

'Vell, soap, vater, elbow-krease?' promptly suggested the Hebrew, and Roger had smiled.

Is not a smile the immediate precursor of a bargain? At least, shrewd Gonorowski construed it so, and his construction proved to be correct. Without unnecessary palaver, therefore, the sign came down from the musty, fusty old den festooned with cobwebs, coated with sifting of the street, and ingrained with the grime of neglect. But 'zoap, vater, and elbow-krease' did wonders in a rapid transformation scene. Borden's books did the rest; and on a battered shingle, in letters of gold, 'The Bookworm's Paradise' went up to swing and whirl on its rusty bar.

Ten years, yes, full ten years without default; and only on the tenth, on the strength of long tenancy, careful usage and prompt payment, came a modest request for repairs.

'Repairsh! Repairsh!' quoth the astonished landlord. 'Vind und vater tight, are you nod?'

'Very true, very true,' assented the book-dealer, 'but' and with trembling finger he pointed across the street to the flapping crimson awning of his competitors, Marx & Zohn, 'they are taking my trade away from me, Gonorowski. They have paint and varnish and show cases. I have none.'

He placed his finger on one of a hundred great paint blisters bellying to the weather, and pressed it in with a click!

'Huh!' sneered the Hebrew, 'und vot you expectsh? You paysh me thirty dollar. Zese peoples paysh seexty. Yoos drade vall avay. Whosh valt? Mine, hey? Na, na, you vas vind und vater tight. Zat vas the gontract, Mishter Borden!'

Clearly the avaricious thirst was unquenchable, appeal was useless; and with a sigh Mr. Borden opened the little drawer in his till, and took out thirty dollars. 'Your rent, Gonorowski,' he said quietly; 'that is what you came for. Take it. Next month I—I may need a little delay.'

'Delay, ha!' crashed the Hebrew meaningly, 'I zink you ged it. I zink you ged it!'

But next month, as he had predicted, the book-seller was forced to ask for a little delay, and he got it—a little, ten days. Then came the present angry demand, the threat of a sale; and Borden was still in a tight place.

His business, like water through an imperceptible crack, had leaked away from him. Returns had not yielded rent and living. The new store across the street, with its enticing glare of color, its varnished floors, its clean, white show-cases, had attracted the eye and loosened the purse-strings of his customers. Could be blame them? Listlessly he glanced around his grimy stock, pulled out the first calfskin volume of a set, and, as he blew a dusty cloud from its gilded top, a big yellow spider scurried round the corner to number two. No, he could not blame them.

For himself he would not have minded. It isn't difficult for an old man left alone, and hard by the goal, to take the buffets of the world if the glad hand is denied him. But Borden was not alone. In the little living cell behind the store was a link that held him to the struggle—his blind, motherless daughter, Mima; and, at the thought of her, in Borden's red-dimmed eye a tear diamond glistened and trickled slowly to the corner of his nose. Aimlessly, with hands plunged deep in empty pockets, he slouched across to the window, and stood gazing wistfully out at the crimson awning, seeing only a ghostly panorama of the past. In the streaky light of a dust-laden sunbeam he looked the one essential figure in a picture of poverty; for at best he was but a gray, ill-kempt, broken-down old man, a drifting derelict on the ocean of need. High up on the finding ladder, his green, threadbare back turned toward the door, his sallow visage buried deep in age-mottled pages, stood the Hebrew; and before him a gap in the close-packed shelf, from which he had extracted a tattered volume, made up the background detail for the depicter of life.

When he delivered his ultimatum, Gonorowski, feigning interest in the sages, had ascended the ladder. To do him justice, his first weak impulse, snuffed at birth, had been one of pity. Yet somehow, and with a feeling perhaps akin to the feline desire to torture the quivering prey, he remained, and from his vantage-point cast furtive glances at his victim. No, he could not modify his threat. A subtle, voiceless sensation still urged that course. But why should he? These beggar Gentiles could borrow, yah! And among his lending brethren there were legions praying for just such business. If he modified, he might dash away "per zents" from a worthy son of Israel. Nein, nein, he could not modify his demands.

'The quality of mercy is not strained
It droppeth——'

'Bah!' He closed the unorthodox volume with a bang, and pulled out another.

'Rod of Aaron!' in a breath he muttered, gazing like one entranced at the magic title on its pages:

'"Korovan's Transzlations," edizion hof sixdeen fifdeen! Hey?' he purred.

Slowly, like black, revolving beads his eyes drew nearer to his prominent nose, and his broad lips parted. 'Und he marks it twendy zents. Hey, your drade vall away, mine old vriend? I zay, "No vonder, no vonder!" Korovan's "Transzlations," sixdeen fifdeen, Dan!'

From his inside pocket stealthily he pulled out and opened a limp, battered book. Between its pages scribbled black with notes lay a newspaper cutting with the red-cross hall-mark of importance. 'Marx & Zohn,' it announced briefly, 'will pay seventy dollars for a well-preserved copy of Korovan's "Translations," edition of 1615.'

'Ha,' again purred Gonorowski, 'und zey are gonvenient. Chust across the streed.'

Click! An elastic band snipped snugly to its place, and just as Roger Borden turned his dim eyes to the ladder he saw a tiny slip of paper flutter unnoticed by the Hebrew, to the floor.

'Bud who knowsh, who knowsh?' the latter was arguing. 'Alretty zey might haf purchased a copy. Befor' I buy I vill see. Ya, I vill zee. Twendy zents? Nein, it ish nod mooch, bud chust zo vall I zee'; and, glancing furtively down at the bookseller, he replaced the precious volume, and descending the ladder hurried to the street.

From his dust-begrimed window Borden watched the gaunt retreating figure till the swing doors of Marx & Zohn concealed it. 'Now, what does Gonorowski want with them? Funny he should have turned tail so soon,' he mused; 'it isn't like him to do that. Hey, what does it mean?'

Suddenly his swift upward glance rested on the Shakespeare and the Korovan. The Hebrew had not replaced them as he found them.

'Shakespeare, Shakespeare? No, no,' decided the book-dealer, 'it was not Shakespeare that interested—ah!'

A little thrill stirred his blood, an unreasoning, faint hope, as he slouched over and picked up the newspaper cutting. 'Mima! M-Mima!' he shouted suddenly, pocketing the slip; and before the blind girl had time to appear framed in the musty-smelling old curtains her father was descending the swinging ladder with the Korovan clutched tightly in his trembling fingers.

'M-Mima,' m-my darling,' he stammered, 'y-you stay behind the counter for—for a little, just a little. A—a business call, Mima, a business call. It will not take me long, dear. There, now, there,' and he led her out and into the narrow passage built up with books. 'This way, my dear; face this way. Ah, there now! And say—yes—say I—I will be home in just a minute, just a minute, my dear!'

'Father?' she questioned, her anxious, and sightless orbs, like fatromless pools, fixed full on his face.

'No, no, nothing wrong, my dear, nothing wrong,' he answered her. 'There now, just a little, just a little!' and he was gone.

Ten minutes later, when he crossed the warped threshold of his dingy little store, his face was radiant and his step was brisk.

'Mima! Mima!' he cried joyously, 'I——'

'Ha, Mishter Borden, you haf returned,' interrupted a croaking voice from the ladder. 'You haf a book I vood like to buy. Korovan's "Thanszlations," twenty zents, I zink you mark it. I saw it here ven——'

'I have just sold it, Gonorowski; I have just sold it,' replied Borden with a quiet smile; 'and your rent, here it is. I will not have to keep you waiting, after all. I am glad.'

'Zold!' muttered Gonorowski, '"Korovan's Transzlation" yos half zold. My rent you paysh. No vaiting, hey?' And very slowly he came down from the ladder.

Archie's Letters.

'Ug ug ley ugley.'

'Archie threw his head back and gazed at the word after he had written it.

'I wonder if that's right. It don't look right, somehow. Mamma, is there any e in ugly?

'No, dear, it is just u g l y.'

Archie scratched out the e and wrote on, wrinkling up his forehead, and setting his lips tightly together. He found letter writing hard work.

'Mama, are there two l's in hateful?'

'No, only one.'

'Mamma, are there two l's in hate-

part of the library wondered what her small boy could be doing.

'What are you writing, Archie?'

'A letter, Mamma.'

'To whom, dear?'

'To Harold.'

'I used to be fond of writing letters,' said Mamma. 'I had a dear little friend when I was about as old as you are. We used to go to school together, and eat our lunches together, and play together—'

'That's just the way Harold and I have been doing,' said Archie with a scowl.

'But one time we quarrelled.' 'Archie left his seat and came nearer his mother to listen.

'I don't remember just what it was about. Very likely it was something not worth quarrelling over. But I was very angry, and made up my mind I would write her a sharp letter, and then have nothing more to do with her. So I wrote it, saying a great many cross, ugly things. I took it to my mamma to see if it was all written right, and she said:—

'"You are not going to send this, are you, my little girl?"

'"Yes, I am" I said.

'"I wouldn't dear. You may be sure a time will come when you will be sorry. Angry words spoken are bad enough. They hurt and burn—hurting most those we love most. But angry words written are worse, for they are put down, and they stay. After your anger is all forgotten they will all be there to show how ugly you once felt. I hope you won't send this, dear.'

'Well, I am glad to say I took her advice and tore up the letter. I was soon friends again with Gertie, and oh, how glad I was that she had never seen that letter.'

Archie slowly went back and read his letter. It began:—

'Mr. Harold I think you are mean and ugly and hateful. I'll nevver speke to you again, and you shan't nevver speke—'

That was as far as he had written. He did not like his letter, and before long mamma saw some scraps of paper go into the waste-basket.

He took another sheet. He would not write Harold such a very cross letter, but he must tell Harold something of what he thought of him. And he would tell him he was going to send back

the rabbit he had given him. He was very fond of the rabbit, and he and Harold had found it very useful when they played menagerie, for Snowball was very docile, and was equally willing to be lion, or elephant, or monkey, just as the boys wished.

But, of course, Archie was not going to keep anything given by Harold now that they had quarrelled. His heart failed him a little as he thought of the pretty creature, remembering that it was nearly time to go and give him his supper of fresh clover with a little parsley.

He began again, after awhile coming to his mother to show her the letter.

'I don't think that looks quite right,' he said, pointing to where he had written "rabit."'

'No,' said mamma, as she saw that the letter was not much like what she had guessed the other to be. In it Archie had, without using any hard words, told Harold to come and take away the rabbit as they would never play together again.

'I always thought,' said mamma, laying down her sewing and settling back as if for a chat, 'that it was very lovely in Harold to bring you that rabbit as he did.'

'Yes,' agreed Archie, a little unwillingly.

'It was when you had the scarlet-fever. You were getting well, but you could not go out, and none of the boys could come to see you. Do you remember how every day Harold used to come and stand at the window smiling at you?'

'Yes,' said Archie, brightening.

'And always bringing some little thing for you. Sometimes it was an apple or a peach, sometimes a picture book or a bunch of flowers.'

'Yes, yes,' cried Archie.

'And one day he brought the rabbit and set it on the window-sill so that it could look in at you with its soft eyes. We knew he could not have it back for a long time, and when you did offer it to him, he said, no, it was yours.

'I think,' said mamma, more soberly, as Archie seemed to have nothing to say, 'that it is a very sweet and lovely thing for a boy, or a girl either, to have a friend who is very near and dear. They love each other better and better as the years go on. It teaches them to be unselfish, for, of course, we are always glad to give up to those we love. They are together through school days, and then through college days, always enjoying things the more because the other enjoys with them."

Mamma went out. Archie went

back to the desk and laid his letter down with a sigh. Plainly it would not do yet. Again some scraps went into the waste-basket.

On another sheet he had just written:—'Dear Harold,' when the sound of a whistle drew him to the window. Harold stood outside the gate, looking eagerly towards the house.

'Hello,' he cried, as he saw Archie.

'Hello,' answered Archie.

'I've got a new squirrel. Come over to my house.'

'I will,' said Archie, 'only I must feed my rabbit first.'

'Let's both go and do it,' said Harold.

And that is how it came about that the third letter never was written.—'The Children's Hour.'

Wavelets.

Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

The way to have a friend is to be one.

The busiest people have the most leisure.

Forming a good character is better than reforming a bad one.

A Grandmother's Rules.

Somebody's grandmother has bequeathed to her descendants these admirable rules of conduct:—

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly, do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Do the hard thing first and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do first the thing you don't like to do, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.—'League Journal.'

You Shan't Spoil My Character

Let me tell you of a boy who is worthy of your admiration. He was engaged in a workshop where the men put money together and sent out for beer. One day a workman held a glass of beer in his hand, and said—'You must either take this inside or outside,' intending to throw it about him if he still refused. 'Ah, well!' said the noble boy, 'you may spoil my coat, but you shan't spoil my character.'

Comparisons.

Better to love though miles apart,
Than to like with yards between!
Better to die for high ideals,
Than live for aims which are mean!
Better to work well where you are,
Than sigh for a kingdom wide!
Better to check your spirit's wrath
Than humble a city's pride!
Better the still, small voice within,
Than the tempest's prelude loud!
Better the praises of the heart
Than the plaudits of the crowd!
Better port after stormy seas,
Than port after summer calms!
Better the call to fight for Truth,
Than the battle's call to arms!
Better be with one in the right,
Than be with two in the wrong!
Better to stand beside the weak,
Than to bully with the strong!
Better to treat Death as a friend,
Than to dread him as a foe;
Best of all to hear God's 'Well done!'
When to fuller life we go.
—R. Mudie Smith.

The Ferry for Shadowtown.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness closes down.
Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare,
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.
See where the firelogs glow and spark,
Glitter the light of the Shadowland,
The raining drops on the window, hark,
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.
There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still,
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.
Rock, slow, more slow in the dusky light,
Silently, lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say, 'Good night!'
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.
—F. L. Stanton, in 'Atlanta Constitution.'

She Didn't Know What to Do.

There was a girl—perhaps you know
The little maiden's name,
For maids in country and in town
Are apt to be the same;
She went to bed at eight o'clock,
And slept the whole night through,
But when the morning came she said
She didn't know what to do!

She went down stairs and breakfasted,
With many a frown and pout,
And quarrelled with the servants, while
She ordered them about;
She made her little brother cry,
Then cried herself she knew
She'd have no fun that day, because
She didn't know what to do!

She had more dolls than you could count,
She had a hundred toys,
And bookshelves filled with handsome books
For little girls and boys;
And dainty dinner sets, and games
To play with one or two;
But yet she wouldn't play, because
She didn't know what to do!

So all day long, from morn to night,
This little maid would sigh,
And mope and fret about the house,
And say she didn't know why
She never could have any fun
Like little sister Sue—
Because with all her pretty things,
She didn't know what to do!
—Zitella Cocke, in 'Little Folks.'

THE WITNESS,

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contains almost everything that appears in the Weekly, and has, of course, the advantage of bringing you the news every day.

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contains the best that appears in the 'Daily Witness,' besides giving somewhat more attention to agriculture and farmers' interests generally.

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I remain, yours truly,

G. E. RICHARDS,
Presbyterian Missionary.

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Enclosed please find one dollar to renew my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness.' I cannot afford to do without the 'Witness' on account of the reliability of your editorials.

Respectfully,

THOS. M. HENRY.

Dawson, Yukon.

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H. J. WOODSIDE

Lancaster, Ont.

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(Rev.) J. U. TANNER.

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About the 'Northern Messenger.'

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WM. CROCKETT, LL.D.

(From the President of the G.N.W. Company.)

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Sumpter, Oreg.

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J. H. MACALLUM.

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John Kemp—Railway Signalman and Progressive.

(J. Thornton Burge, in the 'Alliance News.')

It was election time. A vacancy had occurred on the parish council, and the village of Waterton was in a state of great excitement, for a sharp contest between the Progressives and the Moderates was in progress.

All day electors had been driven to the polling station, and now evening had arrived little cliques of villagers reinforced by farmers and laborers from the outlying portions of the parish stood in the village street discussing the merits of the candidates and the chance of this or that favorite's success.

Not only in the street, but each of the three public-houses which Waterton possessed were filled with excited partisans.

In the White Lion a heated discussion was in progress. The landlord, Mr. Joe Turpin, was a well-known Progressive, and his inn thus became the rendezvous of the Progressive section of voters.

The tap-room was full when a railway man, well known as a keen advocate of the Progressive cause, entered the room. His cloth uniform was spotlessly clean, the brass buttons of his coat shone like gold and proclaimed the fact that he was evidently a man who prided himself on his cleanliness. On his cap was a neat red badge which proclaimed that he was a signalman.

'Hullo, John, so you've come to see the result of the poll?'

'Yes, but I can't stay here very long.'

'Why?'

'Well, I'm on duty at ten to-night in the Plantation Cabin.'

'It isn't often we see you here, what will you take to drink?'

John Kemp was not a teetotaler, but he was, nevertheless, a very moderate drinker, and rarely took a drop too much.

'Only a glass of beer, thanks.'

'Oh, you must take something stronger than that at such times as these,' said the landlord. 'Bring Mr. Kemp a glass of hot whiskey, Betsy.'

'I would rather not,' remarked John.

'It's at my expense, Mr. Kemp,' returned Turpin. 'If you don't have it I shall feel it a personal affront.'

John saw that most of the occupants of the room were drinking spirits, so, although he did not want them, he felt it would be discourtesy to refuse.

'Thank you, then, Mr. Turpin,' he replied.

He drank his glass, and the discussion on the merits of the two rival parties waxed warmer, until at about half-past eight, a man hatless and excited, rushed breathlessly into the tap-room.

'The poll is about to be declared, gentlemen,' he shouted. 'The Progressives have won. Tom Burton is at the top of the poll.'

'How do you know?'

'Because I have been listening in the lobby while they have been counting the votes.'

'Hip, hip: hurrah,' shouted the excited company.

'Glasses round on the strength of the victory,' said a well-known tradesman of Progressive views.

Some of the old topers who were in the room looked exceedingly pleased. Kemp, not caring to appear strange, took his glass of spirits with the rest, and afterwards, when the poll was officially declared, had to stand treat in his turn; so that when he left Waterton at nine o'clock he was very far from being sober.

As he passed up the village street, on his way home, he met Tom Burton, the successful candidate, and with others, he helped to bear the victor on his shoulders, while the mob, with John among them, sang:—

'For he's a jolly good fellow,
And so says all of us.'

John's clean uniform was sadly soiled by the victor's dirty boots, which rested on his shoulder; but what did he care now?

As he trudged through the narrow lanes from Waterton village to his home he sang:—

'For he's a jolly good fellow,'

and shouted 'Hip! Hip! Hurrah!'

His wife was a tidy little woman, and she kept her house spotlessly clean. When Kemp arrived home he found a bright fire burning in a spotless grate, and the kettle singing on the hob. A snowy white tablecloth covered the table on which was spread a tempting supper.

'John, where have you been?' asked the little woman in consternation as she beheld his blue uniform daubed with mud from head to foot, his cap pushed on one side of his head.

He fell into a chair.

'Been to th' election, Mary, and Burton's won. HIP, HIP, HURRAH.'

Mrs. Kemp was speechless.

'Why don't you shout, Mary?' said the poor drunken man. 'Shout and spare not.' Then, waving his cap, he sang:—

'For he's a jolly good fellow,
And so says all of us.'

'Hush, John; you will wake the children up.'

'The children? God bless them. Are they in bed?'

'Yes, the three boys have been to bed quite an hour, and the girls have just gone.'

'Bless them. I'll kiss them everyone.'

'What is the matter with you to-night? I have never seen you like this before.'

As she spoke she wiped the tear drops from her eyes.

What could she do? He was not fit to go to work she was sure. But to send a message to his superior officers that he was intoxicated and so not fit for duty might mean the loss of his place.

She cried aloud. But John only laughed; he thought it good fun.

'Why, Mary, lass, whatever art thou making all this fuss about? Aha! Aha!'

'You don't look respectable to go out, John.'

'Don't I?'

'No; where have you been?'

'To the election, haven't I? I am going up to kiss the children now, Mary.'

Kemp always retained a warm place in his heart for his little ones. He made it a practice every night before he went to duty to go round to each cot and kiss each of his six children, and, in his present condition, he just meant to follow his old practice. He stumbled up the stairs and presently returned.

In vain did his wife entice him to partake of supper. He would take nothing.

The clock struck ten. He looked up in amazement, for he should have been at his cabin by this time. Taking his bag and can, he said 'good night.'

'Good night, John; now, do be careful.'

'Good night, lass. Three cheers for Burton and the Progressives.'

So he rambled off to his cabin to take charge for the night.

His wife watched his retreating form down the little garden path. She trembled at what might be the consequences of this evening's debauch. What if, in his intoxication, he stumbled on the line, and fell in front of a passing train? What if he made some terrible mistake in signalling? She shuddered. If it had not been for the children she would have gone with him. She shut the door, sat down in a chair, and wept. She could commend him to God, and that she did.

He arrived at his cabin in safety, but was quite an hour late. The Plantation Box, as it was called, was an outlying signal cabin on the main line between London and A——n. Several trains were timed to pass the cabin during the night, and as it was situated about a mile from Beachley Junction, it was of importance as a block station. Trains were often stopped there by signal when the line was not clear at the junction.

Tom Jones, the day signalman, was beginning to wonder why his mate had not arrived, as of all men Kemp was usually most punctual. As he stumbled up the steps to his cabin, John was half ashamed of his condition.

'Where have you been to-night?' asked his mate Jones.

'Been to the election, and Burton has won,' returned our hero. Hip! hip! hurrah, Tom.'

Jones thought his mate somewhat strange, and surmised that he may have been taking a drop of drink. But Kemp succeeded in deluding his companion as to his real state.

'Look here, mate,' said Jones; 'there's a special boat train to follow the eleven-thirty goods to-night. You may have to shunt the goods here.'

'All right,' said John. 'Don't you think I understand my business as well as you?'

'Yes, only I thought I would point out that the two trains are timed pretty close together, you know.'

'Better mind your own business, and I will mind mine,' gruffly said Kemp; 'I am a qualified signalman, ain't I?'

'Oh, yes, certainly. I will say good-night without further ado,' answered Jones, and, suiting the action to the word, he took his bag and left. So John Kemp was left alone. It was a dark night. Outside the Plantation Cabin the wind moaned through the fir copses and an occasional owl screeched far away by the river side.

'I reckon Jones is a poor politician,' muttered Kemp. 'He don't take a bit of interest in politics. Didn't even say he was glad that Burton has won.'

During the next hour the sleeping car express and another train passed his cabin, then the eleven-thirty goods signalled. In his present muddled state, John gave it the 'all right' signal to go on to the junction, forgetting entirely the special boat train about which his mate had warned him.

After the goods train had passed, he sat in his chair by the fire, and as the effects of the drink began to wear off he fell asleep. He had not dozed many minutes when he was aroused by an engine whistling close under his cabin window. It was repeated again and again. He jumped up, half frightened, and slid aside the window.

Looking up the line he noticed the lights of the 'special,' which had evidently pulled up at his 'home signal,' about a hundred yards off. The thought of his being called to account for sleeping on duty, and for stopping this important special, prompted him to immediate action. Without thought, he pulled the signals 'off,' and gave the driver the 'all right' light. The special started, and as its tail lights disappeared behind his signals, Kemp looked round at the block indicator, which he should have first consulted. To his consternation he found he had allowed the 'special' to enter a section of line already in the possession of the 'goods train.' For a moment he was dazed, then stupefied. What had he done? What would be the outcome?

His telephone bell rang. With trembling hands he answered it.

'Do you know the goods are here shunting?' came the voice from the Junction.

'For goodness sake do something to get them out of the way of the special passenger train,' exclaimed Kemp, now fully sobered up.

'I will do my best, but the time is short,' said the voice through the telephone.

Two minutes later John heard in the distance the brake whistle blowing. It was that of the passenger train. The driver had evidently noticed some obstruction ahead of him and was pulling up. But it was too late; almost immediately Kemp heard a crash, and then he knew that the passenger train had collided with the rear part of the goods.

Many passengers were more or less shaken, and one of the railway men injured.

At the subsequent inquiry, John Kemp was censured for 'a slip of memory,' but few knew that the real cause of the disaster was the little drop of drink which he partook of at the White Lion.

John Kemp lost his position of signalman, and became a porter. His cloth uniform was replaced by cord, and he narrowly escaped dismissal from the railway service. Needless to remark, his public-house friends did not assist him in the least. From that day he has never touched alcohol, and when he is tempted to drink shakes his head and says, 'The safest side of the public-house is the outside.

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LESSON IV -OCTOBER 23.

Elisha and Naaman.

II. Kings v., 1-14.

Golden Text.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved. Jeremiah xvii., 14.

Home Readings

Monday, Oct. 17.—II. Kings v., 1-14.
Tuesday, Oct. 18.—II. Kings v., 15-27.
Wednesday, Oct. 19.—Num. xii., 1-13.
Thursday, Oct. 20.—II. Chron. xxvi., 16-23.
Friday, Oct. 21.—Lev. xiii., 38-46.
Saturday, Oct 22.—Lev. xiv., 1-10.
Sunday, Oct. 23.—Luke xvii., 11-19.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Still another of the good deeds wrought through Elisha is presented this week. This time the person benefited is from a foreign land and from one of the higher walks of life.

Syria joined Israel on the north, and Benhadad II., at this time its king, had Damascus as his capital. Beyond Syria was Assyria, another kingdom against which Israel and Syria had been in a league.

The time of the event described in this lesson was nearly nine centuries before Christ, according to common chronology.

A GREAT MAN ANR A HUMBLE MESSENGER.

1. 'Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper.

2. 'And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife.

3. 'And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.

4. 'And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.'

From the Black Obelisk discovered at Nineveh it appears that Assyria was becoming a threatening power about this time and that Syria, Israel and other kingdoms had successfully united to resist the King of Assyria. Under God, Naaman had been the general of the Syrian army, and its success had brought him high honors from his king.

But Naaman had that dread disease, leprosy, which takes years to run its course, and is usually regarded as incurable, though it may not in its earlier stages prevent one from attending to his ordinary business.

A band of Syrians upon a robbing expedition had captured a little girl from Israel, and she had become a servant maid of Naaman's wife. But before being taken from her home and country she had learned of Elisha and the good he was doing. Notice the hand of Providence in this lesson. This poor, kidnapped girl was made the messenger of life to a mighty general.

When God puts you in a hard place, may it not be possible that it is because he has chosen you to be a means toward a great end, though what that end is to be does not yet appear?

Being in the household, of course the little maid knew of Naaman's affliction, and one day she told her mistress of the prophet in Samaria. A man in Naaman's condition would welcome any ray of hope, and the statement of the child soon reached his ears.

GOING TO THE WRONG SOURCE FOR HELP.

5. 'And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment.

6. 'And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant unto thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.

7. 'And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.'

The King of Syria very gladly seized an opportunity for preserving the life of so valuable a man as Naaman. So Naaman set out with a royal letter of introduction and a magnificent present for the one who was to grant so great a favor. The value of the gold, silver and raiment would probably be to-day between $50,000 and $100,000.

But a very great mistake was made at this very point. Naaman was sent to the King of Israel. Had the little maid, whose very name is not even mentioned, been taken instead of the king's letter and the kingly gifts, matters would very likely have gone more smoothly.

Many a troubled soul, under conviction of sin, is misled by the world's manner of treating such things. Instead of turning to Christ, worldly counsel, as to morality, culture, liberal views, etc., is taken, and the result is failure to find peace.

The effect of the letter upon the King of Israel must have astonished Naaman. Instead of showing pleasure over being credited with miraculous power, and at the magnificent gifts the King of Israel was alarmed. He openly declared that his brother king asked him to do an impossible thing in order to find some pretext for a quarrel. This would mean, reasoned the king, that Israel was threatened with a Syrian invasion.

King Jehoram, while not such an enemy of Elisha, as Ahab had been of Elijah, was not on good terms with Elisha, and neither sought his aid in this matter, nor did he direct Naaman to the man of God, who was becoming well known for his helpful miracles.

ELISHA TAKES THE CASE.

8. 'And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

9. 'So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha.

10. 'And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again unto thee, and thou shalt be clean.'

But Naaman was an earnest seeker after life, though at first a misguided one, and God was merciful. The smoking flax he did not quench. When Naaman got no help, but only an explosion of fear and indignation from the King of Israel, what was he to do?

When a man is in earnest in a good cause, God is a very present help, and so, at this juncture, Elisha sends to the king and demands rather than asks that Naaman shall be sent to him. Jehoram should have remembered the prophet; now Elisha himself will let Naaman see that there is a prophet in Israel.

Then this Syrian general, not, comprehending the nature of God nor the proper attitude of those that approach him, moved toward Elisha's house with all his pomp and show.

Here was another disappointment, such a one as comes to many a sinner seeking to be cleansed. The Lord answers all that sincerely call upon him, but the answer does not come always as we expect it. Naaman did not see the face of the prophet on whom so much depended, but a messenger comes out to tell him to wash seven times in the Jordan.

NAAMAN'S CHANCES ENDANGERED BY HIS TEMPER.

11. 'But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper.

12. 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage.'

Yes, Naaman had the scene all arranged in his mind. He and the prophet would be the central figures in an impressive ceremony out in the open air; there would be a loud invocation by Elisha, who would then strike the diseased body, the leprosy would vanish, the regal presents would be bestowed, and the proud chieftain would march away.

'Behold, I thought,' said Naaman, the leper. 'My thoughts are not your thoughts,' God has said.

So this benighted, diseased man lost his temper, and went away in a rage. This man who was so used to having his own way must needs be saved from a hideous death according to his own ideas. Every soul that is conscious of his guilt wants to be saved. Oh, certainly, we want life eternal. But, like the leper, we want to be saved in a manner that shall not offend our own ideas of our dignity.

Naaman was not only disappointed in Elisha's failure to recognize his importance, but, if this bathing was necessary, why not in the beautiful waters near his own home. Why this Jordan? But no one could tell him why; it was the will of God, that was all.

HEALED AT LAST.

13. 'And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather, then, when he saith unto thee, Wash, and be clean?

14. 'Then he went down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.'

'But,' says Paul, 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.' It was through a humble servant maid that Naaman first learned of the opportunity to be healed, it was the neglected prophet that sent for him when the King of Israel had refused the case, and now, when Naaman's ignorance of the ways of God resulted in his turning away in anger, his servants save the day by pointing out his folly.

Yes, if Elisha had named some mighty thing to be done, Naaman would cheerfully have set about it, but because his bodily salvation was such a simple matter, he got mad. But his faithful servants were wiser than Naaman, and did not refrain from gently rebuking the hasty conduct of their master.

Then Naaman listened. At last he had been directed aright, and had been brought to a condition of mind to humbly obey. The rest was soon done. He dipped seven times in the Jordan, and his flesh became like that of a child.

The whole matter of salvation is very simple, as God presents it: we make the difficulties ourselves.

'And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.' Acts xxii., 16.

The lesson for October 30 is, 'Elisha at Dothan.' II, Kings vi., 8-23.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 23.—Topic—How can we enlarge and improve our work? Matt. xxi., 17-22; Isa. liv, 2.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHINESE GIRLS AND BOYS.

Monday, October 17.—Their sorrows. Ps. xvi., 4.

Tuesday, October 18.—God's name forgotten. Ps. xliv., 20.

Wednesday, October 19.—They worship strange Gods. Ps. lxxxi., 9.

Thursday, October 20.—They trust in graven images. Isa. xlii., 17.

Friday, October 21.—How idols are made. Isa. xliv., 9-15.

Saturday, October 22.—'Keep yourselves from idols.' I. John v., 21.

Sunday, October 23.—Topic—Why Chinese girls and boys need our help. Acts i., 8.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

Dear Children,—All the texts for October are from the last twelve books of the Old Testament, generally called the Minor Prophets. These books (except the book of Jonah) are not very interesting to children, being mostly about wicked people and the punishments that come to wicked countries. But here and there some beautiful texts are found in them, especially in Zechariah, and these comforting texts are good for children as well as for grown people. You will notice that there is at least one text from each of the twelve minor prophets. What other prophets do we hear of in the Bible? Who can send the best list?

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

OCTOBER.

1.
It is time to seek the Lord. Hosea x., 12.

2.
When Israel was a child, then I loved him. Hosea xi., 1.

3.
Be glad then ye children of Zion and rejoice in the Lord your God. Joel ii., 23.
Willie J. E.

4.
Seek the Lord and ye shall live. Amos v., 6.

5.
Hate the evil and love the good. Amos v., 16.

6.
The kingdom shall be the Lord's. Obadiah i., 21.

7.
Salvation is of the Lord. Jonah ii., 9.

8.
I will wait for the God of my salvation, my God will hear me. Micah vii., 7.

9.
He knoweth them that trust in him. Nahum i., 7.

10.
The just shall live by his faith. Habakkuk ii., 4.
Annie Cameron.

11.
I will joy in the God of my salvation. Hab. iii., 18.

12.
The Lord God is my strength. Hab. iii., 19.

13.
I said, Surely thou wilt fear me, thou wilt receive instruction. Zeph. iii., 7.
Douglas H. A. (12).

14.
He will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy. Zeph. iii., 17.

15.
Work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts. Haggai ii., 4.

16.
From this day will I bless you. Haggai ii.19.

17.
Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Haggai iv., 6.

18.
He (Christ) shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon his throne. Zech. vi., 13.

19.
Show mercy and compassion. Zech. vii., 9.
Irva Goss.

20.
And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof. Zech. viii., 5.

21.
I will be their God. Zech. viii., 8.
Clara Amelia Hunter (12), Sadie B. Roop (8).

22.
Love the truth and peace. Zech viii., 19.

23.
Behold thy King cometh unto thee; he is just and having salvation. Zech. ix., 9.

24.
The Lord their God shall save them in that day as the flock of his people. Zech. ix., 16.

25.
They shall call on my name and I will hear them. Zech. xiii., 9.
Roy Walmsley.

26.
From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles. Malachi i., 11.

27.
My covenant was with him of life and peace. Mal. ii., 5.

28.
Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me. Mal. iii., 1.

29.
A book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord. Mal. iii., 16.

30.
And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels. Mal. iii., 17.

31
Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings. Mal. iv., 2.

Springhaven, Yarmouth Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. We live on a farm. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I go to school, and like my teacher. I have two sisters and two brothers living. My oldest sister is married and living in the United States. I was across there on a visit this summer, and I had a lovely time. I like to read the Boys' and Girls' Page very much. It is a pretty place here; there is a fall on one side and a lake three miles long on the other. There has been a big drive of logs just going down. We had a heavy storm of wind last week, and one of the booms broke and scattered the logs all over the lake. We have Sunday-school here every Sunday afternoon. My mother teaches the class I am in. I have read quite a number of books, among which are the following: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'My Friend Jim,' and a few others. My oldest sister has an organ. We have a dog named Casper. I must close. Good-bye. SADDEE B. H.

Oxbow.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for over five years, and still like it very much. My father is an implement dealer. We live on a farm and have our farm run on shares this year. This last spring we had a large flood here. The valley was flooded with water, and large icebergs could be seen coming down the river. It was a lovely sight. Several people were washed out. I have five sisters and three brothers. Four of my sisters are older than myself. I go to school every day. Well, I think I will write again to your valuable paper. LOUISA N.

Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I was glad to see my letter in print, and I hope this one will be printed, too. Our school commenced on September the 19th. The school teacher's name is Miss Ruth J., and I like her very much. There are about twenty-one scholars on the roll. I like the 'Messenger' better every time that I read it, and I am very glad when it comes. We have lots of fruit and lots of flowers here. We have very good crops this year. I planted a good many peanuts this year, and they are coming out all right. There are lots of walnuts and hickery nuts and pawpaws out here. I have not seen any letters from Kansas yet. We live two miles and a half west of Lake View. I love to go fishing in the lake. Well, I suppose this is too long, so I will close.
JOSEPH W. T.

(We would all be glad to hear more about the peanuts. How do they grow, what the plants look like and how they are harvested. What crops have our other readers been raising? How many have had gardens of their own? Have any of the boys or girls won a prize at the fair for their own flowers and fruit.—Ed.)

Brockville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My elder brother takes the 'Messenger.' I like it very much indeed. I have three brothers and one sister. For pets I have two cats and a dog named Prince. I live in Ontario. I go to school and am in the fourth class. I am at the head of my class. I like going to school. I have two grandmothers, but no grandpas, as they are dead. I go to church every Sunday, and Sunday-school also. We have to go three miles, and we always drive. Pa is a carpenter, and he makes carriages and buggies, and waggons and cutter sleighs. One of my brothers wrote to the 'Messenger' once. I have a brother going to the Collegiate. EVA D. C. (aged 10).

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' It has been in our home ever since I can remember, and we all like it. I like to read the Correspondence Page, and the Little Folks' Page best. I live in the city of Toronto, and have lived here all my life. We have two minutes' walk to our church, and one and a half minute's walk to school. I am in the junior fourth book. I have two brothers and one sister. Our only pet is a cat. I am reading the Elsie books, and like them very much. At our school we take cooking lessons. We have to go to another school about ten minutes' walk. We all like it very much. My favorite study is arithmetic. I think a good many people like arithmetic the best. My birthday is on August 31.
WINNIE M. (aged 11).

Sherwood, N.D.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I hope to see it in print. I have two sisters and two brothers. Their names are Ray, Clare, Joyce and Jessie. I live on a farm one mile and a half from Sherwood. For pets I have two dogs and a cat. My papa keeps seven cows, four horses and a colt. I am going to school, and I am in the third grade. Papa kept a sheep ranch, but the settlers came in so close we sold our sheep last fall. We are going to move away from this place this fall to Maple Creek, Assa. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, May 29. I am nine year old. GLADYS M. C.

A Four-legged Genius.

A Rhode Island dog was in the habit of frequently jumping over the gate of a common picket fence. One day he appeared with a long bone in his mouth. He made several attempts to leap over the gate, but failed every time. He stopped a moment and was evidently debating another plan. He placed the bone beside the gate, jumped easily over it and then put his paw under the gate and pulled the bone through. He then wagged his tail complacently over the result of his experiment.—'The North-Western Christian Advocate.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Invalid's Tray.

(Alice Chittenden, in 'Table Talk.')

A couple of weeks spent in an up-to-date twentieth century hospital has opened my eyes on many points connected with nursing, and especially in regard to the setting forth in an appetizing way of the tray for an invalid.

At breakfast, dinner and supper, these trays were artistic creations of the highest order. One dinner tray was a study in golden greens and white as to china and food, with the needed touch of color given by wreathing the salver with racimes of flowers in soft old pink, a flower whose old-fashioned name I could not remember, but whose color and fragrance took me back through more years than I care to count to a sweet, old New Jersey garden.

There was a golden brown chop in a circle of riced potato; crisp, yellow-green lettuce leaves, ivory white at the base; strips of white and gluten bread spread with golden butter and piled log-cabin fashion on a pretty fluted dish of green and white china; pale green squash; a quivering mold of yellow custard and a pretty teapot in green and gold, with fragrant, amber tea and a tiny pitcher of yellow, thick cream.

A supper tray which stands out pre-eminently in my memory, by reason of its exquisite tones of color, contained a plate with four luscious oysters on cracked ice, the bivalves laid in the form of a star, and between the rays, yellow wafers and discs of lemon. There was a plate of lettuce sandwiches in strips an inch wide by three long; a mold of Farina, with its attendant pitcher of cream, a glass dish of apple sauce whipped to a foam, with white of egg; triangles of white and gluten bread buttered and cut in the thinnest of slices; a pitcher of cocoa and three perfect Reve d'Or roses.

Sometimes dainty sprays of Cecil Bruner roses lay among the tempting viands and fell in delicate profusion over the edge of the tray. Again little clusters of violets peeped over its rim and perfumed the whole atmosphere or the ruddy glow of crimson strawberries would be accentuated by the deep red of roses of Sharon nestling in their glossy, dark green leaves.

An ordinary fruit, vegetable or meat may be transformed by the manner in which it is being served. An orange may be cut through crosswise and served with a very small dish of powdered sugar, and an orange spoon, or, it may have the whole fruit cut in carpels or sections from pole to pole and the skin drawn back from each enough to loosen it, and then again drawn into shape. If a baked potato form a part of the meal, cut a slice from the upper side, take out the potato with a small spoon, mash with butter, cream and salt, whipping light with a fork, fill the skin again and stand in the oven long enough for the little cone of potato exuding from the top to take a golden brown tinge.

Fruit foams are digestible and dainty for invalids. Any sort of stewed fruit, apricots, apples, peaches or prunes should be whipped smooth while warm, and when thoroughly smooth beat in the white of an egg whipped to a stiff froth; serve in thin glass, a pretty cup, or low Japanese bowl.

A patient may be beguiled into eating nutritious food simply through the manner of its preparation. To speak of raw beef sandwiches would doubtless destroy the appetite of a delicate person, but if you will prepare them as follows he will eat them without thinking or knowing, probably, what he is eating. Lay a thin slice of round steak on a clean board, and with a rather dull knife, scrape off the meat, leaving the tough fibres remaining; do the same on the other side, laying the scraped beef on a dish. Spread two slices of very thin bread with the beef, seasoning plentifully with salt; lay on these two slices of plain bread and cut into very small triangles, squares or strips. Arrange these prettily on a fringed napkin laid on a pretty dish and garnish with very small inner leaves of lettuce or with watercresses.

Another way of serving beef which is digestible, palatable and nutritious, is to mold the beef, scraped as above, into small olives; heat a small frying pan very hot, sprinkle with salt; lay in these olives and shake over a hot fire for a minute or two until the outer surfaces are heated; turn onto a hot dish and garnish with strips of buttered toast.

During a season of gastric fever my nurse brought me bacon which she declared to be healing to the inflamed stomach, and which certainly was appetizing when prepared in this way. The bacon must be very fat, and so cold that it is possible to cut slices actually not more than a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. Cook on a small barred double broiler over clear coals and turn the broiler constantly until the bacon curls and takes on a golden brown color.

There should be a set of dishes, small in size, kept especially for the sick room, and although it may not be possible and is not necessary that these should be costly, they should be cheerful in coloring and quaint in shape. It is a wise precaution, too, to make from fine, worn table linen, little fringed napkins of all sizes and shapes; round, oval and square, for these enhance greatly an invalid service.

Dressing for Dinner.

There was no denying the fact that the rising generation of young Browns, ranging from 17 to 25, were apt to be quarrelsome and argumentative.

Mr. Brown was nervous, and inclined to be irritable. He worked hard all day, and the arguments, the small naggings, and family jars at dinner were not refreshing to a tired man.

'My dears,' said Mrs. Brown at last, 'I am going to insist on every member of the family dressing every evening for dinner as though we were entertaining friends. I shall expect you to put on your best manners with your change of clothes, as you would if you were going to a dinner party.'

And that was the beginning of notoriously pleasant family dinners in the Brown household.

They had been accustomed to come straight in from business or shopping, and sit down to dinner, 'just as they were,' irritable, cross and ready to contradict everybody.

They brought all the little frictions and worries of the day to the dining-room circle. All that is now changed.

They go straight to their rooms, and have a refreshing hot water scrub. The girls put on nice fresh blouses or evening gowns; the young men don a frock coat or dinner jacket. This small change rouses a desire to please. The girls, who used to be short and snappy at meals, have quite reformed.

Dressing for the evening reminds them that they are nice-looking. They put on pretty manners with their pretty frocks.

All the cobwebs of the day are chased off; the accumulated bothers and irritabilities are forgotten in the small ceremony of making themselves look nice for the evening.

It cheers up husbands and brothers to see their womenkind dainty and sweet at dinner.

It's much harder to say unpleasant things to a gracefully dressed, gracious-mannered woman than to the same person in her grim, plain everyday attire.

A change from the workday clothes gives a pleasant feeling that you are going to enjoy yourself. It is quite like preparing for a little party.

Nothing is more fatal to the happiness of a family than that unfortunate sentence: 'It's ourselves; we needn't bother about how we look unless strangers are coming.'

Young people ought to be taught that nice behaviour and pretty clothes in one's own family circle are even more important than outside it.

Mrs. Brown's chief regret is that she did not start 'dressing for dinner' as soon as her children were short-coated.

'It would have saved years of unpleasantness at meal times,' she says, with a sigh.—

Youth fades, love droops, the leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dollar values.

A dollar bill is easy to remit and will pay for :—

Daily Witness
World Wide
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} All for 3 Months.

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For the convenience of the remitter the following blank may be filled in and wrapped around the dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, ——— 1904.

Dear Sirs,—

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar, for which please send me

The Daily Witness for ——months,
The Weekly Witness for ——months,
World Wide for ——months,
The Northern Messenger for ——months,

as in your offer of Dollar values

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NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 40c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

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The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies (excepting Cuba), Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Honkkong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

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Publishers 'World Wide,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,
Please send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge for one month, to

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'World Wide' has been recommended to me by

Rev., Dr., Mr., Mrs. or Miss

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The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 1, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Judge Parker's Letter of Acceptance—Constitutionalism vs. Imperialism a Vital Issue—American Papers.
Mr. Roosevelt's Tariff 'Fact' and 'Theory'—His Slur upon 'Professional Counsellors' upon the Tariff Refuted—By Walter A. Wyckoff, author of the Workers, in the 'World,' New York.
To Promote World's Peace—Second Congress at the Hague to be called by President Roosevelt—The Springfield 'Republican.'
The Terrible Cost of War—The New York 'World.'
The Battle of Liao Yang—A Graphic Narrative—By the Special Correspondent of the London 'Times.'
With Kuroki at the Front—Attack on Motien Ling—By the Special Correspondent of the London 'Standard.'
The Wreck of the Slocum—Dumont Acquitted by Dumont—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Third Battle of Bull Run—Ralph D. Paine, in 'Collier's Weekly.'
Mr. Kipling's Judgment—England Ruined by Excess of Prosperity—The 'Daily Mail,' London.
An Impressive Plea for Church Unity—The Archbishop of Canterbury at Washington—Special Correspondence of the 'World,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Have Keys Individual Characteristics?—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Musical Gossip—Essays by an English Critic who is also a Humorist—The New York 'Tribune.'
Music and Mines—The 'Musical News.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Plowman—By Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Facing One's Work—The 'Outlook,' New York.
'A Channel Passage'—Mr. Swinburne's New Poems—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Kipling and Pycroft—The New York 'Times' Saturday Review.'
The Tact to Listen—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
Sainte-Beuve—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Return of the 'Discovery'—The 'Daily News,' London.
A Visit to the Only Amber Mine in the World—By M. Edouard Charles, in the 'World's Work.'
Science Notes.

Entertaining Little Folks.

An invitation by mail to a birthday party sent the little girl's heart and body jumping with delight at the expected pleasure and fun. The day arrived in due time, and the little miss trotted off, with a bunch of flowers in her hand and a present tucked under her arm. On returning home in the evening, she did not look so happy as the occasion warranted; asked if she had a good time, she said, 'No; everything was so fine I was afraid to touch things, and one little girl laid her piece of cake on the tablecloth and the lady scolded her, for she had the cloth done up in the laundry!' The cake had left a tiny stain. Close investigation developed these facts: The lady had gone to no end of fuss and trouble, spending one whole day in making candy, and had everything so fine the children were not at home, and were really awed by the display; the girls criticized one another's dresses, the best-dressed one feeling very, very proud of the fact; the whole thing seemed just to 'show off.'

Another invitation to a farewell party given by a mother of three girls was arranged somewhat different: The older girls were given the prepared material and told to get lunch ready for the little folks and themselves. Their table was a very large dry-goods box, that was to be used to pack things in; the dishes were the smallest the pantry had, and all the odds and ends from the girls' store. The peals of laughter from the children told of their enjoyment. There was very little extra work for the busy mother, for it took very little time to make a pan of peanut candy in the house while the girls were getting things ready; there was no fear of 'touching things,' as every one of the girls had something to do, and no time to criticise clothes, as every one was having such fun. The same little miss came home in the evening all bubbling over with fun, rosy cheeks and dancing eyes. It was a day well spent.—Christina Mueller, in 'Farm, Stock and Home.'

Caring for the Teeth.

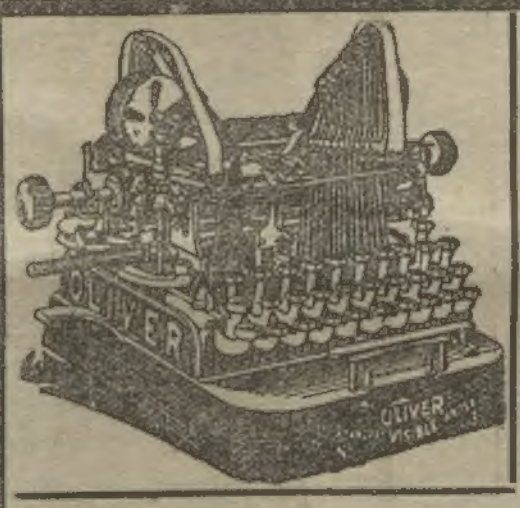
A very excellent dentist advises to use listerine for the teeth, for children's teeth especially. It is harmless, and is an excellent disinfectant. Precipitated chalk flavored with wintergreen also is good, and the best authority on dental surgery prescribes the daily use of borax-water. Sprinkle a small quantity into a tumbler of water, and use three times a day. A mixture of two ounces of powdered borax, four ounces of precipitated chalk, and one ounce of pulverized castile soap also is good for daily brushing.

SELF-THREADING NEEDLES.

SOMETHING NEW!

Will preserve good sight; invaluable for failing sight. Can be instantly threaded. So simple the process that BLIND PERSONS or those who have FAILING EYESIGHT can thread them without the slightest inconvenience, and works just the same as a common needle. Lady Agents Wanted. Sample package, 10 cents; 4 packages, 25 cents.

BATES & CO., DESK 39, BOSTON, MASS.



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THE OLIVER is the **Standard Visible** writing machine,

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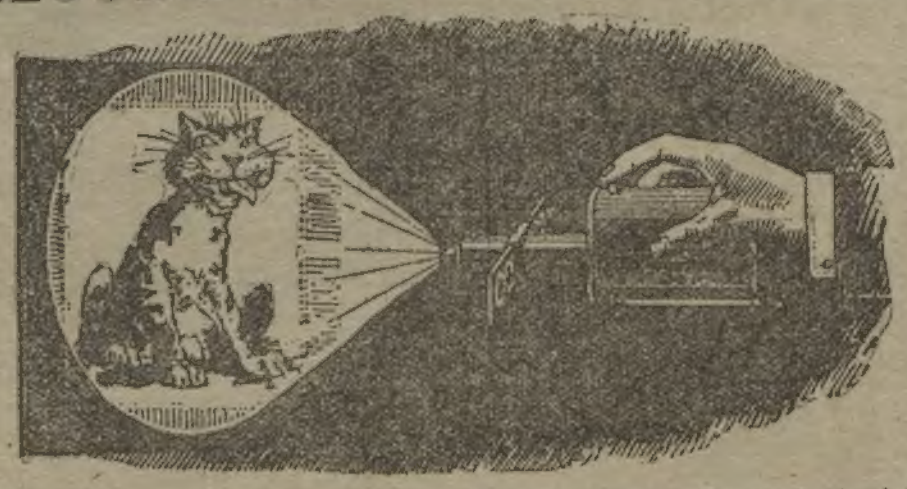

With this wonderful lantern you simply put in a slide, touch the button and a beautifully colored picture is instantly thrown on anything you like, then put it back in your pocket. It all happens so quickly that people will think there is something wrong with their eyesight. It is a beautiful little instrument finely made, and one of the latest inventions in Germany. There is no more danger with lamps, no more bother tacking sheets on the wall. We are the first to have these new lanterns in Canada and in order to introduce our new one piece King Collar Buttons we have decided to give them away free for selling only 15 at 10c each. You can do this easily in half an hour, as they are the best buttons ever sold for 10c. They are stamped out of one piece so that they cannot possibly break, have extra long shanks and are heavily gold-plated and burnished so that they wear like solid gold. They sell so fast that the factory are now making a million of them every day. With each one we give a certificate worth 50c. free. Write at once and we will send the buttons postpaid. When sold return the money and for your trouble we will send you one of these wonderful Electric Magic Lanterns and a full assortment of slides. Write to-day and be the first in your neighborhood to have this wonderful Lantern. Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 493 Toronto.

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USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

Handsome Presents FREE
SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 7 **Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets**, each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shape Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for **only 15c.**, and give **a certificate worth 50c. free with each one.** return the money, and for your trouble we will immediately send you this **beautiful Ring**, Solid Gold-finished, and set with **Rubies and Pearls**, and, **if you send us your name and address at once**, we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold-finished **Double Hunting Case Watch**, elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a **$50.00 Solid Gold Watch, FREE, in addition to the Ring**, without selling any more Lockets. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 1440, TORONTO**

SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING
FREE

Send name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you, postpaid, 7 of our new fancy Lace and Embroidery Collars to sell at 15c. each. They are made from fine quality material, in the newest styles, and are the latest fashion in neckwear for women and children. The regular price of these beautiful collars is 25c., but in order to get them quickly introduced, we are selling them this month for only 15c. each. They sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you, absolutely free, this beautiful Ring elegantly finished in 14k. Gold, and containing one very large magnificent flashing Austrian Diamond in the famous Tiffany style setting. The stone is wonderfully hard and brilliant, full of color and fire, and cannot be told from a real Diamond even by an expert. Address **The Home Art Co.**, Dept. 430 Toronto, Ont

FREE GOLD WATCH

In order to introduce our new one-piece King Collar Buttons we are going to give away a beautiful 14k. Gold-finished Watch, a regular $25.00 Gold Watch in appearance, to anyone who will sell only 2 doz. at 10c. each. They are the best Collar Buttons made, heavily Gold-plated and burnished so that they wear like Solid Gold, and they have the extra long shanks so necessary in a collar button. They will last that the factory are now making one million every day. Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail the Collar Buttons postpaid. Sell them, return the money, and for your trouble we will give you the beautiful Watch, new 1904 thin model, elaborately engraved case, steam wind and set, rich enamel dial, finely nickeled hands, reliable imported movement, carefully tested and adjusted by experienced Jewellers. There is nothing in the world nicer to have than a beautiful serviceable Watch. Here is your chance. Don't miss it, but write us to-day. A certificate worth 50c, given free with each Collar Button. Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 494 Toronto

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 15c each only 8 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart shaped locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Lockets postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c given free with each Locket.
HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 462, Toronto.

TWIN DOLLS FREE

Cinderella

This lovely pair of **twin sister dolls, Cinderella** and **Alice in Wonderland**, are the new arrivals from far away dollland, and are real beauties, nearly **one and one-half feet tall.**

Cinderella is the **new wonder blonde doll**, with bisque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

Alice in Wonderland is a handsome **brunette beauty doll**, with dark curly ringlets, bisque head, lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete.

Girls, would you like to own Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **sixteen turnover collars**, handsomely made of fine quality lawn and lace, to sell at **15c each.** They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell at sight. When sold return us the money and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a beautiful Opal Ring as an extra present if you write to us at once.

Remember, you will receive the **two dolls**, Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, for disposing of **only sixteen** collars at **15c each.** The Home Art Co., Dept. 489 Toronto.

Alice in Wonderland

The Latest Style

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1906 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 14 of our handsome Turnover Collars at 15c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. is given free with each one.) These collars represent the latest fashion in neckwear. They are handsomely made of the finest quality lawn and lace, and are fully worth 25c. You can sell them all in a few minutes at only 15c. each. We trust you. Send us your name and address and we will mail the collars postpaid. When sold, return the money, and we will send you a handsome Ladies' or Girls' Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer, when the furriers were not busy. This is a grand chance to get a beautiful warm fur for the winter without spending one cent. Write at once and we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Muff FREE, as an extra present. Address, **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 489 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 7 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get, an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 491 Toronto

Boys! Earn a Big STEAM ENGINE and a 14k GOLD WATCH in a Few Minutes

by selling only 16 of our Oriental Arabian Perfumed Gold Lockets at 15c. each. You can easily do it in a few minutes. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw. Each one consists of a beautiful Gold Filigree Locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. They look so beautiful and smell so nice that everybody buys. With each Locket we give a certificate worth 50c. **free.** When sold, return the money, and we will send you **free** this elegant watch that cannot be told from a $25.00 solid Gold one. It has a heavy Gold laid beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. We will also give a real big powerful steam engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, Russian Iron Burner compartment, etc., etc., **free**, as an extra Present for promptness, in addition to the Gold Watch. This is a grand chance. Don't waste your time and money answering advertisements of unreliable firms who do not carry out their promises. Write to us and you will be treated right. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 478, TORONTO.**

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